

ADULTS
ONLY

£1

HAAR

Romance

No. 1

COMIX

A TRUE STORY:

"I WAS BOUND TO GIVE
MY HEART TO A CANNIBAL"

BUT DOES
HE LOVE
ME...?

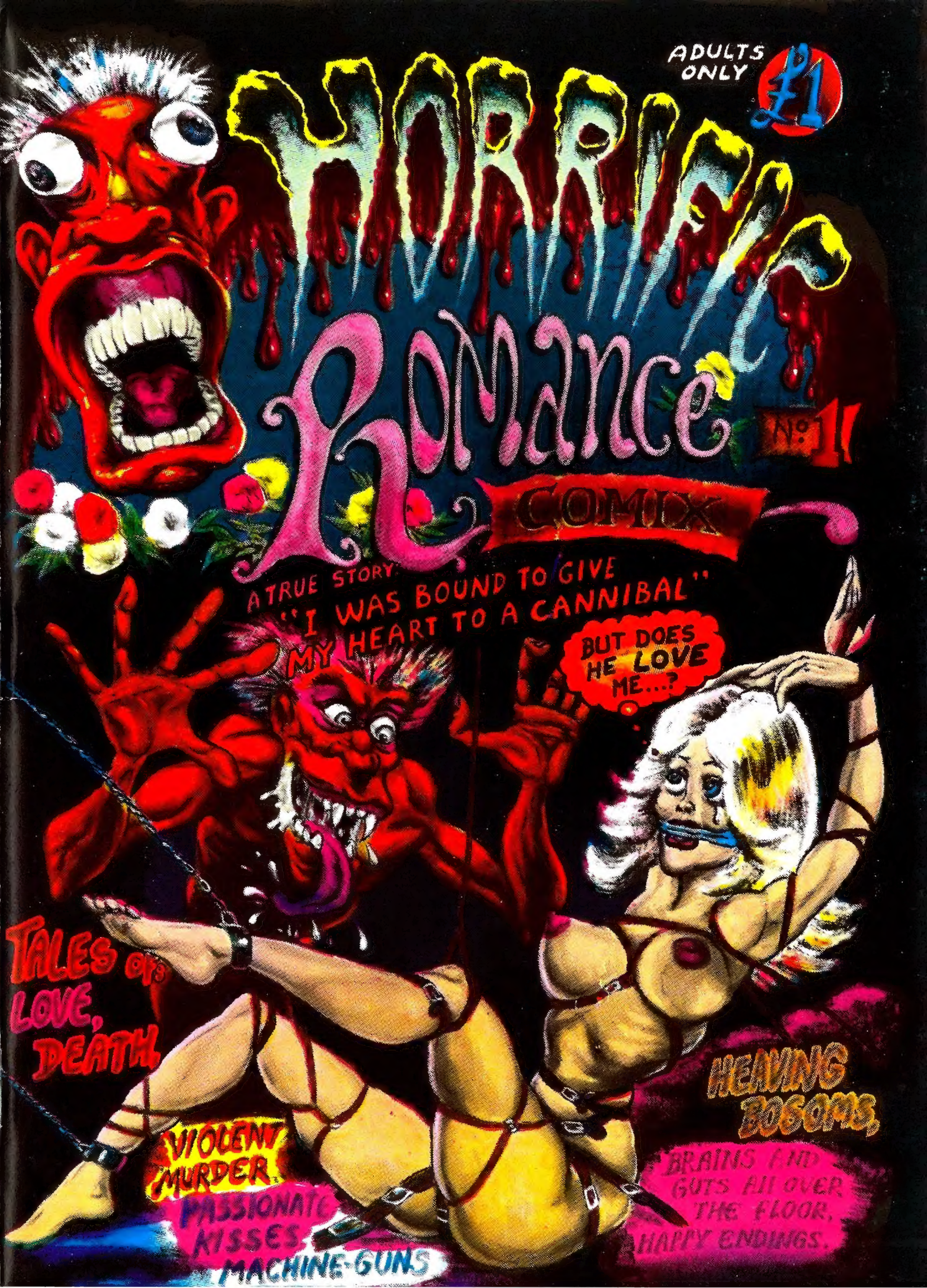
TALES OF
LOVE,
DEATH

VIOLENT
MURDER

PASSIONATE
KISSES
MACHINE-GUNS

HEAVING
BOBOMS

BRAINS AND
GUTS ALL OVER
THE FLOOR,
HAPPY ENDINGS.





WELCOME HONoured READER:
TO: MY FUCKIN' BRILLIANT PUBLICATION!!!

Mike Matthews PRESENTS
His Drawn Orphanage of excoriated Demon Children. Battle Honours of the Contents:

KEWLERED ON THE
ALL-FATHERING PENIS OF
INSPIRATION; MY SEETHING BRAIN
GAVE BIRTH TO THESE UNWANTED
BASTARD-MONSTER-MASTERPIECES
OF MODERN ALMOST-ART!!!

THEY BURST FORTH IN SPLUTTERS,
SPURTS AND TORRENTS; SPREADING
THEMSELVES OVER SHEETS OF
PAPER DEMANDING 'PRINT
ME! PRINT ME!!'

SO; I WOULD HAVE MINIATURE
CLONE COPIES MADE OF THEM
AND LOVINGLY POST THEM OFF TO
POTENTIAL PARENTS.

SOMETIMES THEY WOULD RETURN,
UNWANTED. SOMETIMES I
WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN...

NOT A WORD WOULD I GET IN REPLY...

STILL I WOULD LOOK TO
THE SETTING SUN,

SHIVERING AND WONDERING
WHAT HORRORS THEY
HAD TO ENDURE AT THE
VICIOUS MOLESTING
HANDS OF UNCARING
'PUBLISHERS'!
ANYWAY...



Well, here they are; my proud ragged
Regiment back from the wars...
They fought and lost with:

"Crime Does Not Pay" = 'PSST', 'KNOCKABOUT COMIX'

"Citizen Cocaine" = 'COCAINE COMIX' (U.S.)

"Orphans Vs. Zombies" = 'WARRIOR' (ignorant
BASTARDS! RETURN POSTAGE STOLEN!)

"Murder, Morphine & Mother" = 'PSST', 'KNOCKABOUT'

"He Told Me..." = (A SUBTLE TALE. OBVIOUSLY TOO
SUBTLE FOR 'PSST' & 'KNOCKABOUT' WHO SLAMMED THE DOOR
IN ITS POOR LITTLE FACE...!)

"Honeymooners Vs. Demons" = KEPT IN A 'CLOSET'
(AN AMERICAN CUPBOARD) IN NEW YORK FOR A WHOLE YEAR,
THIS STORY EVENTUALLY ESCAPED FROM THE CLUTCHES
OF ITS 'HEAVY METAL' CAPTORS AND SOMEHOW MADE
IT BACK TO BASE! WELL DONE, H&D!

"Horrific Romance" = AH! MY TITLE FLAG-SHIP!
THE REPULSIVE PRIDE OF THE FLEET! THE MOST DISEASED
LITTLE LEPER IN THE COLONY! SHUNNED AND UNWANTED BY
EVERYONE! INCLUDING: 'PSST', 'KNOCKABOUT', 'DEATH RATTLE' (U.S.)

P.S. (A HAPPY ENDING.)

SO THERE IT WAS. I'D GOT THE 'GUTS' PRINTED: (THE INTERIOR
BLACK & WHITE PAGES) ALL I NEEDED TO DO WAS THE COVERS.

SUDDENLY: A BOLT FROM THE BLUE!!!

'DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES' #7/8 SAILED ACROSS
FROM AMERICA AND COLLAPSED IN A PANTING HEAP AT MY
DOOR! AND WHAT SHOULD I FIND PRINTED WITHIN BUT: 'He
Told Me...', 'Marilyn', 'Murder, Morphine & Mother', and
'Crime Does Not Pay'. Eleven pages I'd thought unwanted
had found a home!!! THEN: 'KNOCKABOUT COMIX'
CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER THE ALL-CRUSHING BOOT OF
INJUSTICE LONG ENOUGH TO CLAIM 'Orphans Vs. Zombies'!!!
BREAK OUT THE ORCHESTRA!!!

HORRIFIC ROMANCE No.1 COMPLETE CONTENTS © 1984 by: Mike Matthews.

PUBLISHED FROM: 8 MONTROSE AVENUE, WEST DIDSBURY, MANCHESTER 20. (061-434-5201)

FIRST EDITION OF 971 COPIES. So I'll lose money on it! So what! Each bleeding copy
of this thing was HAND-CUT, FOLDED, STAPLED, & TRIMMED SOLELY BY ME. SO APPRECIATE IT!!!

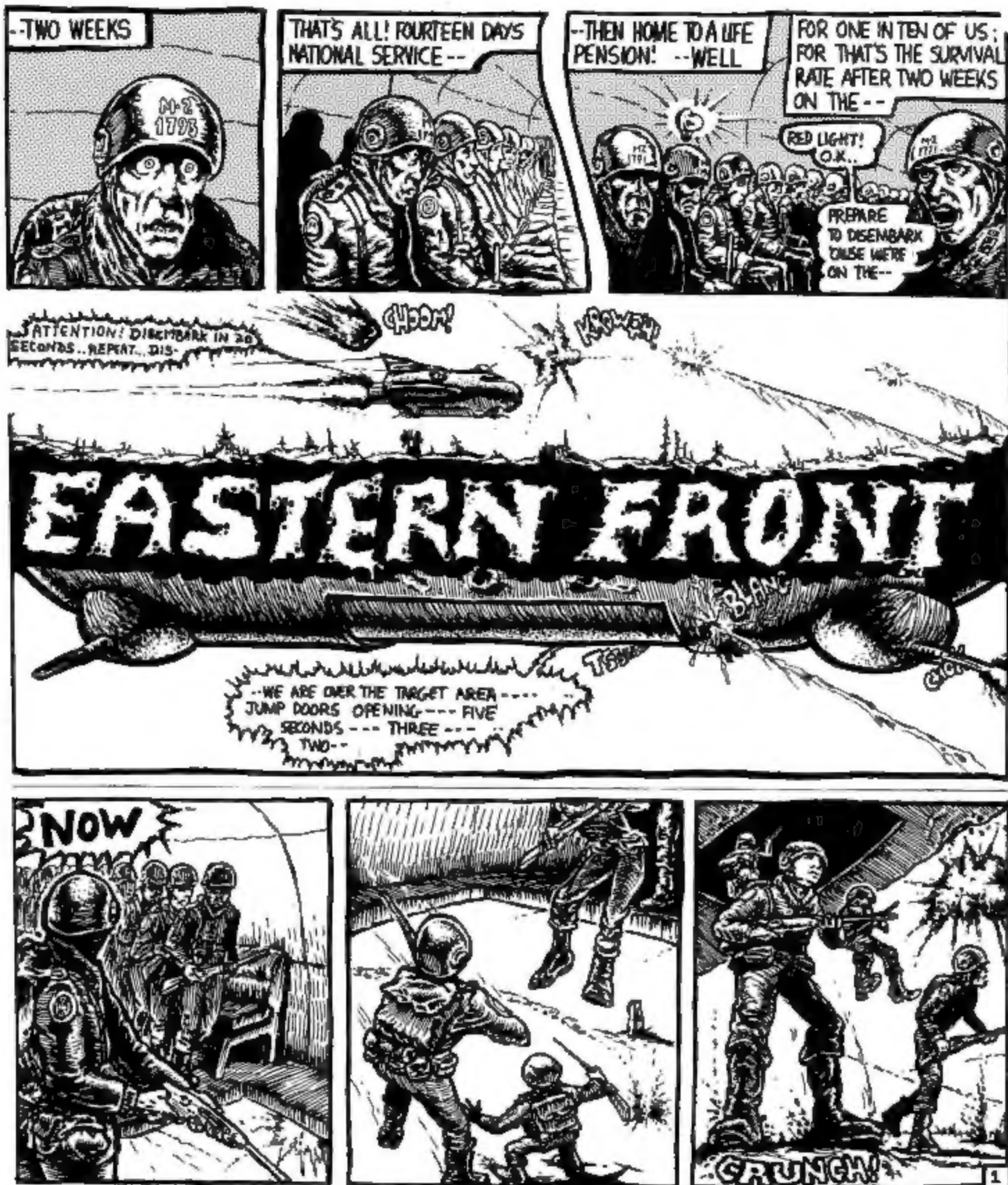


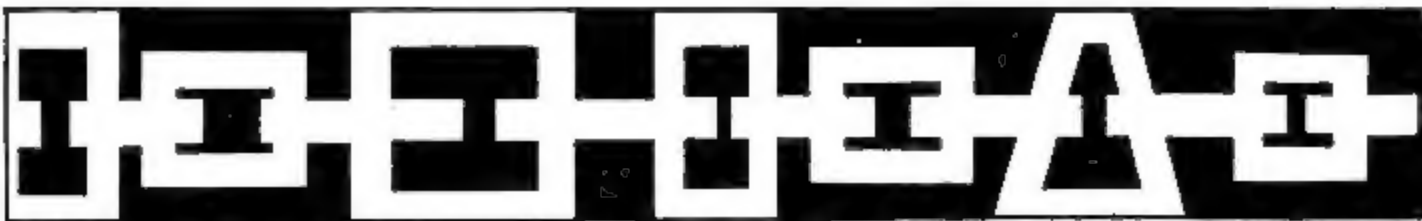
NOW
IT BEGINS!
HEH HEH!

MIKE MATTHEWS

Mike was born in 1957. His first work appeared in *FANTASY TRADER* #25, and since then, along with Steve Gibson and Tom Sheridan, has produced *NAPALM KISS* (the second issue of which is out now) as well as having strips in *CHAPEKUS* and spot-illoes in various fan-zines. His collection of comics consists of *WARRIOR* magazines, *METAL HURLANT*, some undergrounds and a few *MARVEL/DC* comics. Among his favourite artists he includes Corben, Bode, Moebius, Emerson and Wrightson. In the area of books he likes William Burroughs, Harlan Ellison and generally horror and SF writings, anything of a weird or morbid nature.

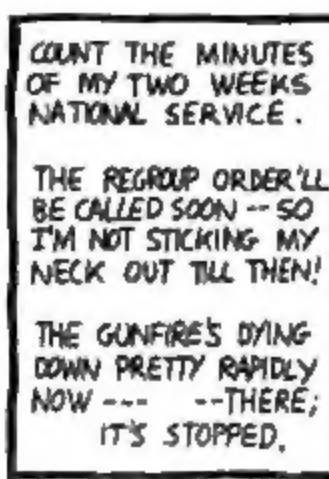
'Eastern Front' was drawn between Dec. '76 and Jan. '77 and was Mike's first serious attempt at a comic strip.





STORY/ART-MIKE MATTHEWS





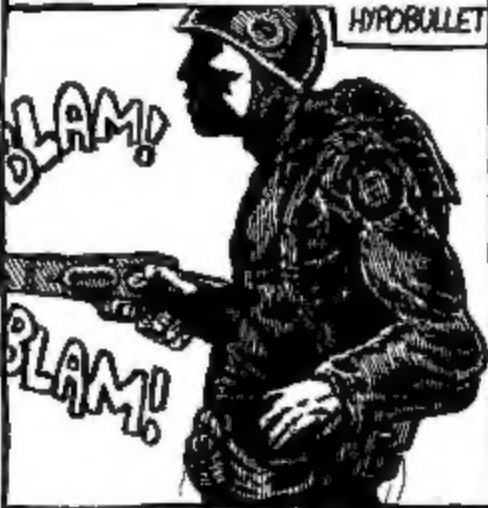
A MUTATION!!!



ORDINARY NITRO-DUM-DUM BULLETS ARE NO USE AGAINST THESE THINGS!! ---



---WHAT I NEED IS A CYANIDE HYPOBULLET



GOT 'EM. A FULL CLIP.



IT TURNED PRUSSIC BLUE AND FLOPPED DOWN DEAD!



MUTATIONS THIS FAR NORTH OF THE EASTERN FRONT??! THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING; WE MAY GET EVACUATED UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE ---



--SO I'D BETTER GO AND FIND THE REST OF THE COMPANY---



IF THERE'S ANYONE LEFT.



CHRIST! ALL THESE CASUALTIES!

MORE THAN WAS EXPECTED. JUST FOR A TRENCH!



HEY! IT'S DAMONE! COME ON, JENNY THIS TRENCH IS OURS NOW!



JEEZOUS! I THOUGHT YOU WAS-- WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN? I'VE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL HIM!

HE'S DEAD. I THINK THERE'S A LIEUTENANT STILL ALIVE SOME-- WHERE UP THAT WAY



LIEUTENANT! LIEUTENANT!



SIR, I JUST KILLED A MUTATION. ABOUT GRADE 7 I'D SAY: IT WAS A REAL MESS!

MUTATIONS HERE? WELL THAT'D EXPLAIN WHY THIS TRENCH WAS SO HEAVILY DEFENDED!! I THINK WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING-- HERE--HMM!--

THEY MUST BE BUILDING UP FOR A BIG PUSH OUT OF NEW YORK! THE EASTERN FRONT IS GONNA GO WEST-- UNLESS





----- A SINGLE SWEEP FROM A HYPER-SPEED MACHINE GUN-----



--500 SLUGS A SECOND-ALL THAT'S LEFT IS MINCEMEAT.



NOW THE SNIPERS PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE UNTIL THEY DECIDE TO WIPE US OUT COMPLETELY.



AND HERE I AM, ONLY MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE- AND STILL WITH ALMOST A FULL TWO WEEKS TO SERVE! --



WHA?!!... BLEEDING! BLEEDING! SHUP!



HERE THEY COME -

GLIB! SHUP! SHUP! SHUP! SHUP! SKLOPH!



A HUNDRED OR SO GRADE SIX MUTATIONS, THE END RESULTS OF NUMEROUS EXPERIMENTS ATTEMPTING TO PRODUCE THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING MAN.

SLIPPING AND STUMBLING AND FIRING THEIR ANCIENT WEAPONS, THEY TUMBLED ON TOWARDS US - THOUGH TOTALLY IGNORANT, THEY KNEW HOW TO KILL--; AND WITH THEIR NUMBED SENSES, IT MEANT YOU HAD TO SHOOT THESE THINGS THREE OR FOUR TIMES BEFORE THEY REALISED THAT THEY WERE DEAD---

OUR FIRST VOLLEY TORE INTO THEM--



-AN INCESSANT RAIN OF CYANIDE, ANTHRAX AND NITRIC ACID BULLETS





BUT WE WERE STILL BEING CHOFFED UP IN THE VICIOUS HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING THAT ENSUED WHEN ONE OR TWO BROKE THROUGH--



THE CREATURES SKULL GLOWED, THEN DISSOLVED UNDER THE IMPACT OF A PHOSPHOROUS CALCIUM GRENADE ---



THEIR FRONT RANKS, HIT BY DOZENS OF ACID BULLETS, WERE NOW MELTING, AND THE REMAINING MUTATIONS NOW HAD TO WADE THROUGH A RIVER OF THICK CAUSTIC SLIME - MANY STUMBLING AND SANK INTO THE OOZE. WE WERE ABLE TO PICK OFF THE FEW REMAINING ATTACKERS AT WILL ---



IT WAS OVER, FOR NOW - AND THERE WERE STILL OVER TWO DOZEN OF US LEFT TOO!! -- CONSIDERING OURSELVES SAFE FROM ANOTHER MUTANT ATTACK BECAUSE OF THE ACIDIC POOL BEFORE US, WE RELAXED ----



-BUT MOST OF US FORGOT ABOUT THE SNIPERS.



HYPODERMIC-BULLETS MOVED PRETTY SLOW AS THEY HOMED IN TO SQUIRT THEIR DEADLY VENOM INTO YOU, SO SOMETIMES YOU HAD A CHANCE OF DODGING 'EM BEFORE THEY HYPNOTISED YOU INTO SUBMISSION -- BUT AT NIGHT IT WAS DIFFERENT - YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE



I SAW MY SOLDIER-NEIGHBOURS HEAD CAVE IN AND DISSOLVE ---

THE DARKNESS SHARPENED THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING AS IT CRAWLED ON TO THE DAWN --- THE NEW DAY BROKE THROUGH EVENTUALLY AND I SMILED ONE DAY GONE, THIRTEEN MORE TO GO.



I SHOUTED AROUND, SEE WHO'S LEFT --

OSTERBURG!!

HARRISON?!

CARLTON! YOU OK?!! ...



STRANGE--NO REPLIES? --- BUT --



--THAT NOISE--COMING FROM THE ENEMY LINES--THIS MUST BE IT--**THE BIG PUSH**---



THE END

NICE...WEATHER...
UGH...SNUR...WERE...IK...
HAVING!!.....

S. TODD
"DEMON BARBER"
* LOBOTOMIES OUR *
SPECIALITY!
ONLY 21-61!

WHY IT
CERTAINLY
IS...!



MIKE
MATTHEWS TB.

ENEMY ALIEN

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
MIKE MATTHEWS
ART ROBOT
MATTHEWS/TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
M. DOLPHIN

THE ALIENS HAVE
ATTACKED
OUR WORLD

THE BATTLES TO DRIVE
THEM AWAY ARE
LONG AND VICIOUS

ONCE MORE THEY STORM
OUR DEFENCES ONCE
MORE WE PUSH THEM
BACK

ALTHOUGH **HUMANOID** IN FORM,
THEY ARE TOTALLY **BRUTAL**
AND DEDICATED TO NOTHING
BUT **WARFARE**.

WE KNOW THAT ONLY COMPLETE VICTORY
WILL SAVE US FROM THEIR TYRANNY
OUR WORLD IS UNITED IN THIS
TITANIC STRUGGLE.





AND ME? I AM JUST AN ORDINARY
SOLDIER DEFENDING HIS WORLD
ONE OF THE BILLIONS WHO
SELFLESSLY JOIN THE STRUGGLE

BUT I KEEP ASKING MYSELF
WHY HERE?



WHY, IN THE VAST EXPANSE
OF SPACE, DID THEY CHOOSE
OUR WORLD TO INVADE?



WE KNOW FROM INTELLIGENCE SOURCES
THAT THEIR OWN PLANET WAS
DYING...

DUE MAINLY TO THE FACT THAT
THEY HAD CARELESSLY ABUSED
ITS NATURAL RESOURCES

BUT THAT DOES NOT GIVE
THEM THE RIGHT TO TRY
AND STEAL OUR WORLD

DIE, ALIEN!



ANOTHER SMALL VICTORY IN A CEASELESS STRUGGLE
MORE OF THEIR KIND FALL AND DIE IN THE SOIL OF
A PLANET ON WHICH THEY DO NOT BELONG



LET ME SEE YOUR
FACE...

ALIEN CREATURE THAT
I HAVE KILLED



ODYSSEY 7

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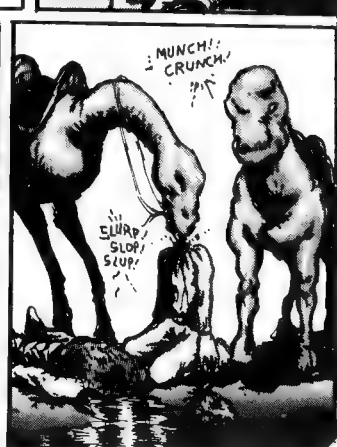
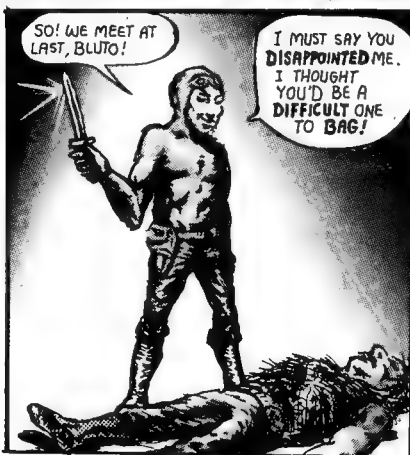


HEADHUNT

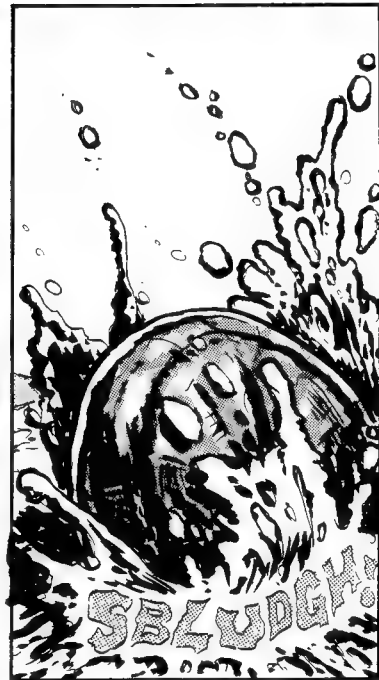
©78
M. MATTHEWS

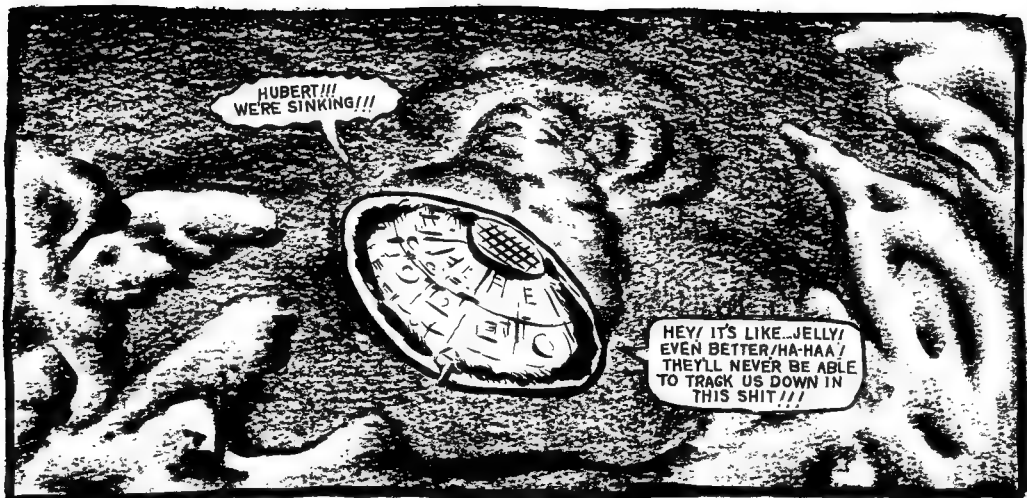


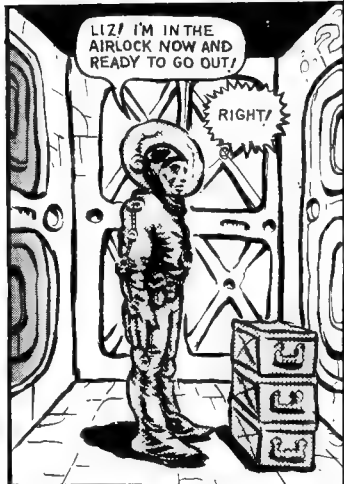
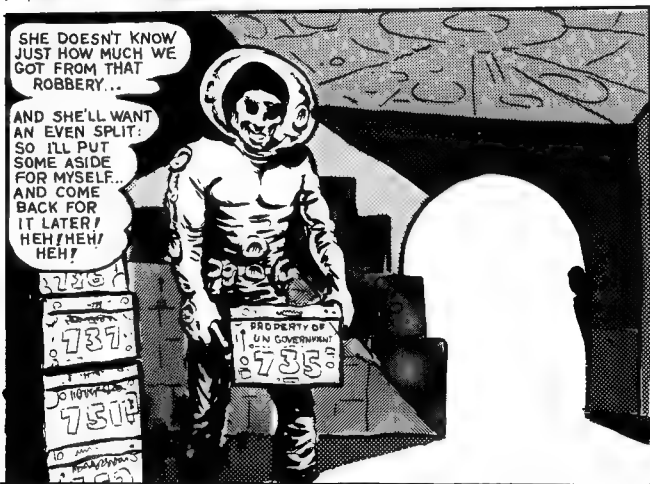














HEH/HEH!
THIS'LL DO!

NOW: I'LL NEED SOME
SORT OF MARKER...

SHIT! I'LL HAVE TO GO
BACK TO THE SHIP!
LIZ'LL BE SUSPICIOUS!...



LIZ!!! CHRIST! YEAH! WHAT THE HELL AM
I DOING?!... I MIGHT AS WELL KILL HER
AND TAKE EVERYTHING! YEAH! I'M A
RICH MAN NOW!... I COULD HAVE ANY-
ONE I WANT!... GIRLS LIKE HER ARE
TEN A DOLLAR!... SHE'S OUT-LIVED
HER USEFULNESS TO ME ANYWAY!...

I... I'LL DO IT HERE...
NOW!... GET HER OUT
OF THE WAY ONCE
AND FOR ALL!...

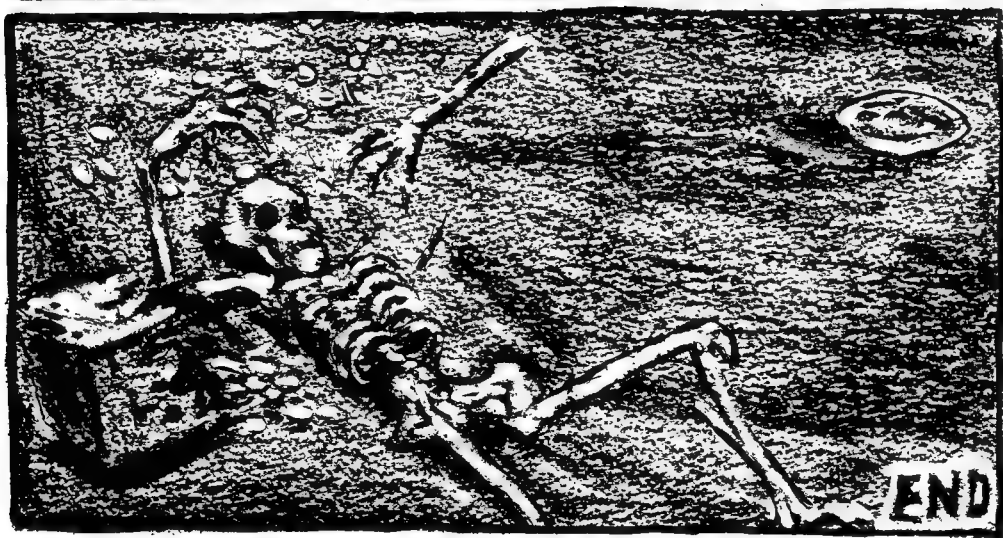
OH, LIZ!... COULD
YOU COME OUT
HERE!... I NEED
SOME HELP!...



YEAH!...
YOU NEED
HELP
ALRIGHT!...

GOODBYE
HUBERT.

LIZ?!
WHAT?...
CHRIST!
NO!!!



END

HILLHOUSE

IT WAS A COLD DANK WINTER EVENING. THE LONG LANE LEADING TO HILL HOUSE WAS A BLACK AND TREACHEROUS PIECE OF ROAD...



I HAD NOTICED, WEEKS AGO, AN ADVERTISEMENT IN AN OBSCURE NEWSPAPER FOR A STately HOME FOR SALE ON THE SOUTH COAST.

AT THE PRICE THE OWNER WAS ASKING, I JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN EASY FORTUNE; IT WAS IDEALLY SITED FOR A NEW DRIVE-IN HYPER-MARKET.

THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE I GUESSED TO BE EITHER SIMPLY ECCENTRIC OR TOTALLY INSANE. HE HAD INSISTED ON ME TELLING NO-ONE OF MY INTENTION TO BUY THE HOUSE. WELL, AT THE PRICE HE WAS ASKING I WOULDN'T WANT TO INTEREST ANY RIVAL BUYERS ANYWAY.

ALSO, I HAD TO WAIT FOR HIM TO MEET ME OUTSIDE THE GATES. HE WAS MOST EMPHATIC IN MAKING THE POINT THAT ON NO CONDITION SHOULD I VENTURE INSIDE THE GROUNDS UNTIL I MEET HIM TO ESCORT ME INSIDE.

STRANGE, BUT CONSIDERING THE REWARDS SOON TO COME, NOT UNBEARABLE.

BUT NEVERTHELESS, I ARRIVED ON TIME IT WAS A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR...







DOWN BOY 'HA FRISKY'S
FEELING PLAYFUL TONIGHT!

CHRIST!
WHAT IN
HELL IS
IT?



NOW GIVE ME YOUR COAT AND I'LL SHOW
YOU AROUND!

BUT THAT'S
NO DOG!?!
WHAT IF

OH, HE'LL CALM DOWN
SOON ENOUGH!



THIS IS THE CABINET
MY GREAT UNCLE SEBA-
STIAN STUFFED THE
REMAINS OF HIS WIFE
INTO, AND IN THE
NEXT ROOM IS THE
BATTLE AXE WHICH WAS
USED TO...

YES, YES, ZHARNA
I CAN SEE THE
HOUSE HAS A
FASCINATING
HISTORY CAN'T
WE SIGN
THE PAPERS
NOW?

VERY
WELL.



I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THE
HOUSE SEEMED EXTREMELY WELL
"LIVED IN".

PAPERS, PAPERS NOW WHERE
DID I
PUT THEM?



...ALMOST EVERYTHING WAS SCARRED
OR DAMAGED IN SOME WAY.



OH OF COURSE! THEY'RE IN THE UPSTAIRS
STUDY! WHERE ELSE COULD THEY BE!







I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, MR HARPER!



PLEASE TRY AND UNDERSTAND MY MASTER DEMANDS A SOUL WHICH YOU JUST SIGNED AWAY, AS AN ANNUAL ER "RENT" FOR THE HOUSE AND I'M AFRAID, YOU ARE IT! SO;



NOW YOU MUST DIE!!!



QUONGO HAAAVE FUUUUN!



A-FIVE-A-FOUR-A-TWO-A-ZEEERO!

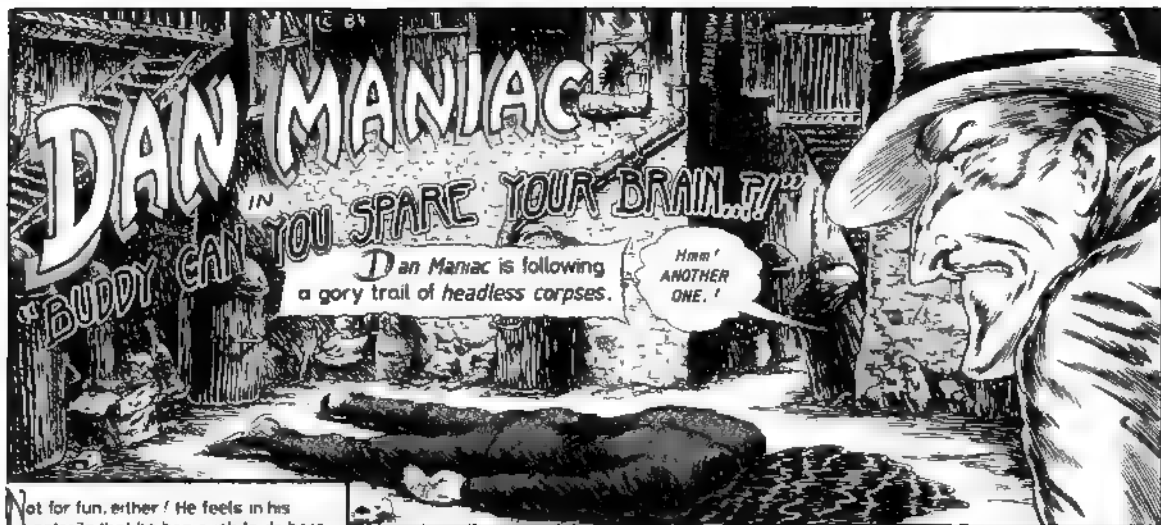


BWAST OFF!!





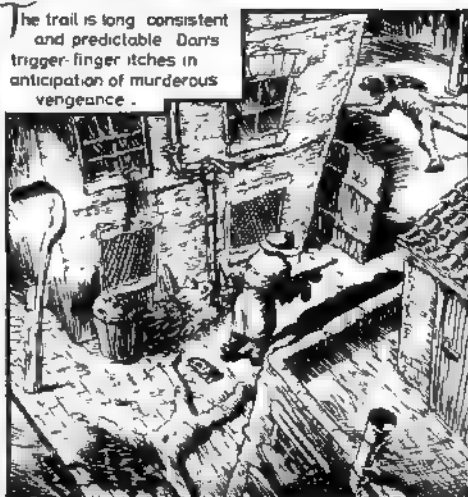
THE END
M. MATTHEWS '77. ©



Not for fun, either! He feels in his entrails that he has a job to do here. Something's definitely wrong!



The trail is long consistent and predictable. Dan's trigger-finger itches in anticipation of murderous vengeance.



Meanwhile, not far ahead:



MEANWHILE, not far away in a cankerous cellar, a Mad Scientist, Doktor X (Xenophon) Slaughter and his sluttish assistant, Nurse Nelly, are cooking up a scientific stew ... more fuckin' lunatics



NURSE NELLY ARE ALL THE CLAMPS AND WIRES 'N PLACE? MAKE SURE, NOW! THIS 'S THE 'SUP' DECISIVE MOMENT!

AS SURE AS SHIT STINKS DOC!

AND NOW I ACTIVATE THE SWITCH THAT CAUSES THE WORLD'S FIRST OCTO BEETLE VULTURE TO BURST INTO PULSING, VIBRANT LIFE!! 3 2 1 BLAST OFF!!



SHIT DOC! HIS WHOLE FUCKIN' HEAD BLEW OFF! HaHaHa!

SILENCE! OF COURSE A VULTURE'S HEAD WAS UNABLE TO BEAR THE STRAIN. ANOTHER HEAD IS NEEDED!



NOW THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER IF EVER I SAW ONE! HALT AND DIE!!



RIGHT! I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU HAVE BITTEN OFF THE HEADS OF SEVERAL OF THIS CITY'S CITIZENS. NOW WHETHER THEY DESERVED IT OR NOT IS NOT FOR ME TO QUESTION AT THIS MOMENT. MY JOB IS TO BLOW YOU TO LITTLE PIECES. UNDERSTAND?



SIR! I BELIEVE YOU HAVE MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE! TRUE I HAVE, MUMPH: JUST BITTEN TH'S PERSON'S GULP! HEAD OFF, BUT I ASSURE SHUNNIE, YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I AM INNOCENT, SIR! SHUNNIE! KRUNCH. PHANG! S.



DO YOU SERIOUSLY EXPECT ME TO GUEST THAT SHIT'DOOD OF SHOT YOU BLIMP-BRAINED CANNIBAL?!



INGEST THIS THEN, MISTER TOMMY GUN 'FOREADOR! X-700

The spat-out head was kicked with awesome velocity and uncanny accuracy. It clattered Dan and knocked him flying.



With Dan winded and temporarily incapacitated, the sneaky Troll was free to make his escape. Running down some steps to a cankerous cellar doorway, guess where he ended up?



In a soundproofed apartment above, a beetle and an octopus battled to the death whilst a hungry vulture awaited the loser. Midgets laid bets on the outcome.



Dan had recovered sufficiently to resume the hunt. The trail was cold but Dan was aflame.



PERHAPS HE'S ESCAPED! PERHAPS HE'S IN FLORIDA! PERHAPS HE'S DEAD! PERHAPS HE'S EXPLODED INTO ATOMS! PERHAPS HE ACCEPTED A RIDE FROM A PASSING NUDE MOTORCYCLE GANG.





SOON

SOON, NURSE NELLY, THIS SIMPLE TROLL WILL HELP ME TO CARVE OUT MY CHUNK OF MEDICAL HISTORY!

THAT'S FUCKIN' GREAT DOC! I'M HAPPY AS A PIG IN SHIT FOR YA! I REALLY AM! URP!

PERHAPS HE'S MARRIED A MILLIONAIRESS... PERHAPS HE'S FLOWN TO VENUS... PERHAPS HE'S A HOLOGRAM

YES, THEY'LL COME FLOCKING TO ME! THEY SAY: Oh, Doctor, PLEASE transplant our beloved Queen's head onto a Giant Centipedes BODY! AND I'LL SAY "Why, SURE! No problem!"

HOPE THIS MEANS A FUCKIN' PAY RISE



PERHAPS HE'S IN THIS CELLAR



HOW TO

HALT!

SHIT, DOC! IT'S DAN MANIAC!!

Unfortunately it wasn't Dan's lucky day. He hurtled himself through the door at such a steaming gallop that he was unable to stop himself colliding head first with a wall at the bottom of the cellar steps



Dan was out, down and helpless...

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? TRYING TO HALT THE INEXORABLE MARCH OF SCIENCE, YOU YOU GUN-TOTING GOON? HMM... NICE BOHAL STRUCTURALINGS. I'LL JUST TAKE A SAMPLE

DOC! C'MERE!



YOUR GEEKS ALL REVVED UP AN' WANTS TO SPLIT!

OOOH! IT WORKS! IT'S ALIVE!! BLUNDER...

SPEAK! SPEAK TO DADDY!!



AH, DOCTOR! THANK YOU! THIS IS A MOST WONDERFUL DISGUISE! I'LL NEVER BE RECOGNISED LIKE THIS! WELL, THANK YOU AND NOW I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE. PLEASE FORWARD YOUR BILL TO MY LAWYER IN... GOODBYE!

Oh, BUT YOU CAN'T GO! YOU'RE LIVING PROOF OF MY STUNNING GENIUS!!

Dan hauled himself back into consciousness



WHERE IS ME WHERE'S WHO...
WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I
DOING?!

His bleary gaze whirled around the room, suddenly it settled on the Octo-Beetle-Troll
His purpose was clear: "WHATEVER IT IS, KILL IT!"



AND YOU SAY I'LL BE
ABLE TO BITE OFF THE
HEAD OF ANYBODY
I LIKE ?!

NO!!
NOT MY
BABY!
Whimper!

Holy
Muthafuckin
Christomighty!!

BRADADA
PADADA
PADADA!

But it seems consciousness was only
on temporary loan Dan
drifted back into slumber.



GUUUUUUUH!

His final burst sprayed the ceiling, above
which a battle to the death was rudely
interrupted.



I MUST
BE DAN
MANHAC!

HOW
DID HE
KNOW?

YOU LYING FIEND! YOU
SAID TO BE UNRECOGNISABLE!
Ghaa! Kreak!



EEK! er NURSE NELLY,
KNOY TAKE MY PLACE
!Kh! Urgh! Ghaahgh!

FUCK YOU, DOC!
I'M RESIGNIN' AS OF
RIGHT NOW FROM
THIS GIG! I GOT
MY OLD JOB TO GO
BACK TO!
BYE DOC! HAVE
FUN!

Some time later, Dan awoke.



Wha. Whooph! MY, THAT WAS
A NICE PLEASANT SNOOZE...
OR WAS IT. ?!



WHAT DID I DO THIS? I DON'T SEEM TO
REMEMBER! OH, WELL. NOTHING FOR ME TO
DO HERE I'LL FIGURE IT OUT LATER
POSSIBLY!



OUTSIDE... HOWDY
MEAN AND MANHAC!
FANCY A \$5 FUCK?
Hm FAMILIAR
YET DISGUSTING

Dan mentally wrestles with the spaghetti
of a dimly remembered mystery.

THE END

DAY MANIAC MEETS LIBERSCHEISS!

"DUSTY" YEVSKI Philosophically muses on the many and varied *Strange Mysteries of Life*...As ever in a state of permanent Danger Level Overload...Announcing to those who never listen his Personal Viewpoint on Existence...

A SPELL IN DA ARMY'D DO YOU
GOOD YA JUNKIE COMMIE FREAK!

Quite **FRANKLY**, my
dear chap... **MY** aesthetics
march to the pounding beat
of the proverbial different
fucking drummer

MOH! LOOK!
IT'S **FRANKENSTEIN!**

HUSH! DON'T
ATTRACT IT'S
ATTENTION!

GIVE ME
Liberty
OR GIVE ME
DRUGS!

SNIFF!
You don't have
to be **Wired**
to be **Weird**...
but it **HELPS**...

HEY, VINCENT! THAT GEEKS SCHNOZZ
MUST BE LEAKIN' A RIVER OF COKE-LICED
SMOOTH! WANT TRY WE SO MUCH IT OF WHEN
HE DOES ON THE NOD?!

SURE
THING,
ELMO!

"SIGH... I've tried **EVERYTHING**... I must be a regular walking drug-
cocktail-cabinet. And I must admit I'm disappointed with the
end result. I expected the answers to eternal cosmic
questions: "What is **LIFE**?" "Is there a **GOD**?" "WHY are we **HERE**?"
"WHY are all my friends **DEAD** or in **PRISON**?" "WHY DO I KEEP **THROWIN' UP**?"

Now I figure my bowels ain't stirred in about
3 MONTHS now; **SO... DRASTIC MEASURES**
were called for!



IF THAT TURD
AIN'T COMIN' OUT
VOLUNTARILY...

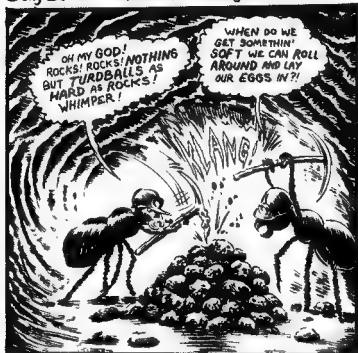
I'M JUST
GONNA HAVE
TO GO IN AN'
GIT 'IM!

And this is how my **SAD TALE** begins...



What I got was **ETERNAL CONSTIPATION** up my **ASS**!
The price you pay for being blissfully blanked
out is being bunged up to buggery...!
Hardly something to **boast** about...!

How was I to know that at that **PRECISE MOMENT** somewhere in the bowels of my bowels, a horrible drama was being played out? It began with my resident **Dung-Betties** desperately searching for treasure...



Then the **TERRIBLE THINGS** HAPPENED: who knows what effect the incessant seepage of all the intoxicants I'd partaken of, coupled with the retreat of my atrophied sphincter into itself HAD on that poor innocent LUMP OF SHIT?

All I know for SURE is what happened **NEXT**...



YES! THE DOLLOP OF DUNG SPROUTED LIMBS AND A SCREAMING HEAD! A HORROR BEYOND COMPREHENSION HAD GRASPED ITS CLAMMY CLAWS ON LIFE!!!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



I was just about to plunge my 'harpoon' in to spear 'Moby Dung' when I began to shake uncontrollably; perhaps it could sense my Anal Abortion attempt? I'll never know...



And SO it came to pass that I unwittingly 'BIRTHED' a **MONSTER!** It made a spectacular entrance into a New World, flying like a Rocket into the Wild Blue Yonder...



It made straight for the window and out to **FREEDOM!**



I watched it's progress with, I admit, some confusion.



I can only guess at the sequence of events as they next developed. My 'offspring' must have felt the neural pangs of infant hunger and it was obvious to him to search out a similar 'food' upon which he had been **mentally nurtured**...



So who can really blame him for what he did?

WOW! THIS IS SOME WIERD SHIT! I CAN IMAGINE I'M BEEN A FUNNY LIX TURD CHEWIN' YOU UP LIKE AS IF IT'S REALLY REAL, Y'KNOW? WOW!

REALLY? WOW! FAR OUT! GIGGLE!



AARGH!! IT IS FUCKIN' CHEWIN' ME UP!
THIS IS FUCKIN' REAL!!
YEEOW!

ON COME ON! IT'S A HALLUCINATION!
DON'T GET PARANOID!
IT'S BOUNCING TO FRECK OUT, Y'KNOW!



It seems his chosen dietary delicacy was the Flesh and blood of drugs addicted youth! A diet of delicious dope-fiends!

GIGGLE! IT EVEN FEELS AS IF IT'S REALLY WHISKY ACROSS MY STOMACH, Y'KNOW! GEORGE, ARE YOU LISTENING? NOW DON'T SULK!

GEORGE IS A HALF-WIT!

HE SURE IS GIGGLE! HEY! IT TALKS TOO!



He seemed to have an uncanny ability to sniff out his victims...



And strikes with vicious determination!



His hunger grew as he did. No-one who dabbled in drugs was safe!

PESS! HEY! LIPS, SPEED, DOWNERS, EVER-THANG, MUTUAL-FUCKIN' C'MAWIN! GITSOME!



All Fell under his SLAVERING JAWS!



And as his physical size grew, so his intellect thirsted for knowledge!



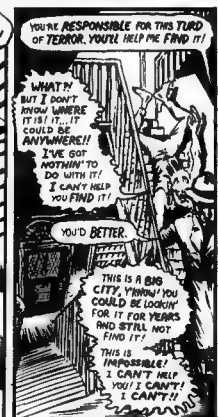
BUT IT ISN'T A MAN, IT IS ME, ME, **ÜBERSCHEISS!** MY DESTINY IS TO RULE THIS PLANET! TO CREATE A RACE OF TURD-PEOPLE TO ENSLAVE THE HUMAN RACE!



What do you mean? "What a fuckin' NUT!" Anyway, at this point, **ONE MAN WAS CALLED IN!** Possibly the only man who could track down the KILLER... **ONE NUT!** A self-styled MASTER DETECTIVE... A man beyond all Law. All Reason. His name: **DAN MANIAC!!!** That said it all.

SNIFF! SNIFF! THE STENCH OF DEATH...! DRUGS!... O.D!... O.D. COLOSOME!... SNIFF! HMM! IN FACT IT'S QUITE A PLEASANT FRAGRANCE...!







by MIKE MATTHEWS
1985

CHALLENGING THE TRASH AESTHETIC

NOBODY
IS
INNOCENT.



DAN MANIAC

MOTOR-
PSYCHO
COP

EXTRAORDINAIRE

IN: THE CURSE OF
THE STENCHING PIT!

NEW YORK

The City was quiet as usual.
Dan Maniac, killer detective,
was aching to shoot something.

Suddenly, his luck was in;
the 'Lopin' Geeks Nudist
Motorcyce Club' passed by
on their way from their bi-
annual picnic at the 'East
Harlem Hilton Motel'.

The 'Geeks' were
members of the
'Association of Incestuous
Californian Cannibals
and Copraphiliacs' and
they were some mean
motherfuckers.

AHAA!
SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTERS!



Hurting into his sleek black 'Dusseldorf' Grumbler '47, Dan issued orders to his Chief Midget Engineer.



Down in the bowels of the engine live midget ceps. Small but loyal.



Dan revved the engine with mounting power...



And leaped away to deal with his adversaries.



Meanwhile over in the dank Manhattan swamplands, strange and ghastly rituals were being performed.



Deep within the claustrophobic rooms of the sinister mansion, Baroness Sadie van Saliva and her horrendously snotty assistant, Slyme, were sacrificing virgins in order to conjure up a demon from Hell so that they could rule the World!





Styme slid away to summon his assistant. Styme was above such menial jobs as virgin fetching.



Dan Maniac, meanwhile, had lost the bikers. Never fearing, he called on a trusted aide.



Wellington soared above the City, leering relentlessly. Soon...



A lone figure walked the streets. Apparently quite normal. Apparently.



Suddenly he stopped as a passing beetle spoke to him of imminent peril nearby...



YES! It was Whirling Willie! The 'Pantsless Super-powered Hero.' He hurtled himself into action...!



He threw himself into the waiting sky like a psychopathic vulture eager to pounce on it's venomous prey...



RORY! Back at the house, Styme had found his hidden assistant.



SHUT UP! NOW LISTEN! GO OUT AND FIND A VIRGIN FEMALE HUMAN. THEN, BRING HER BACK HERE. GOT THAT?!



Rory was a hopeless snivelling *Dope Fiend!* A terror to civilization! He lurched onto the unsuspecting virgin-crammed placid streets.



Far above, Whirling Willie flashed past. Somehow, he had forgotten the beetle's message.



Rory was having no luck at all.



Suddenly he was struck by 'Reefer Madness', a common ailment amongst hopeless dopefiends. He had to get money from somewhere to buy 'dope' and get 'high'. Luckily, he saw Dan Maniac.





Meanwhile, within the eldritch mansion, Sadie and Slyme wait impatiently...



At that moment Dan and Whirling Willie sped full pelt toward the unholy house...



And simultaneously burst in as the Evil Demon heaved forth from the sulphurous Beelzebubian pit... A smoking entity rapidly accumulating substance, solidity and form.



Whirling Willie was going at such speed that he couldn't stop...



And went straight into the Demon's gaping maw...



Eventually winding up inside its skull!



The Demon, now fully solid, reeled from the shock of having a stranger inside its head...

whilst, nearby, Dan opened up with his Tommy-gun.



Dan, seeing this was hopeless, instead turned his attentions to the Demon's proprietor's...



HA-HA-HAA!
YOU CAN'T HARM ME!
I'M BULLET-PROOF!



He went down. Stone dead'n'squirtin'.



Sadie hurtled poisonous farts at Dan whilst he furiously blasted away. Suddenly the Demon espied Rory...it was love at first sight!



Nimbley they tip-toed from the battleground, hitching rides from a passing Nude Motorcycle gang.



Wrapping her thighs around Dan's head Sadie leaped ass-first straight into the Demoniactal pit!



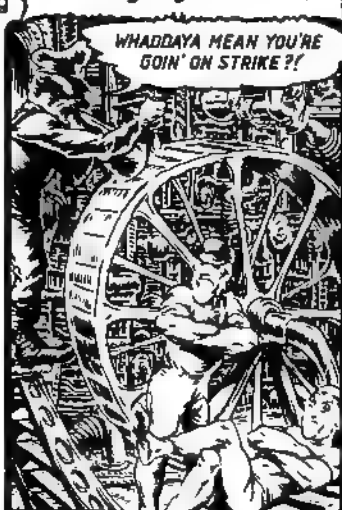
Whirling Willie had settled comfortably into his new environment.



Dan had somehow slipped deep inside Sadie's vagina. He sat glumly pondering the meaning of life, fate and destiny.



And to top it all off he was having engine trouble!



Time spirals onward. The smilin' Sun keeps on spinnin' around our ancient flat Earth.

The 'Old Red Moon' exerts it's Mysterious Influence on Man and Machine. The World just keeps on 'keepin' on', fuelled by midgets.



Nature Fucks, Shits, and Eats itself like some onwardgoing Californian Motorcycle gang on it's honeymoon in Florida.

But, what can we do about it? Do we want to? Do I? Do you? Why? Who are you? What?

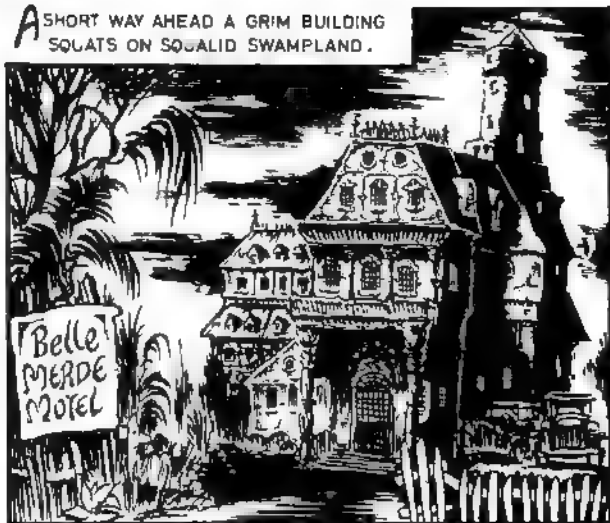
THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, JAMES 'PSYCHO MAD-DOG MACHINE-GUN KILLER' GITSCHITZ, HIS LOVELY MOLL GLORIA AND HIS GANG FLEE FROM JUSTICE AFTER A MILLION DOLLAR BANK ROBBERY.



A SHORT WAY AHEAD A GRIM BUILDING
SQUATS ON SQUALID SWAMPLAND.



WITHIN, A GAGGLE OF RICH DRUG PEDDLARS ARE
HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION.



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY
GRAVEYARD FULL OF DEAD
JUNKIES, SOMETHING...
NOXIOUS STIRS THE MIRE
OF RANCID FETID MUCK...

FUCK FART FUNK FACK!
I SMELL THE SNIFF
OF CHINESE SHACK...



KEITH, SIDNEY, ALEISTER AND ALL
THEIR DEAD PALS GATHER...

HMM! THE DESPICABLE TURD
THAT CAUSED MY EARLY
DECEASEMENT IS NEAR...

MINE TOO!
MINE TOO!



SO THE UNHOLY CLAN LURCH
OFF TO WREAK VENGEANCE.



IT WAS TO THIS SCENE
THAT JAMES AND
GLORIA ARRIVED...
SEEKING SANCTUARY
FROM THE LAW.

RIGHT!
GET OUT...!
WE'LL HOLD 'EM
OFF HERE.



IF ANYBODY LOOKS AT
US FUNNY, BLOW THEIR
FUCKIN' HEADS OFF.

OH, I HOPE THERE'S
PLENTY OF TOILET-
PAPER INSIDE...!



THEY BURST IN SOMEWHAT UNEXPECTEDLY ON SOME PUSHERS DISCUSSING BUSINESS TRENDS IN THE LOBBY.



BELIEVING JAMES TO BE A SURPRISE POLICE RAID, THE DEALERS PULLED THEIR GUNS...



AND OPENED UP.



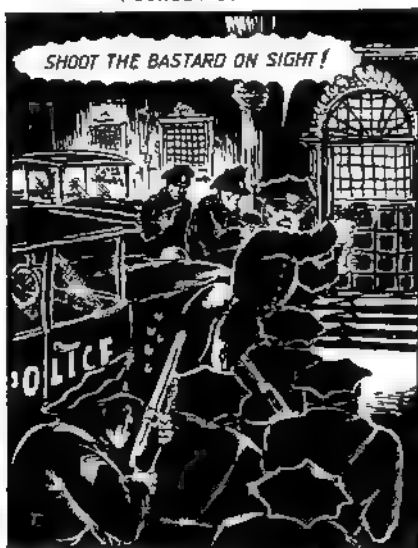
RETREATING DOWN CRAMPED CORRIDORS, JIM AND GLORIA BEAT OFF THE HYSTERICAL PUSHERS.



OH I CAN'T WAIT! I'LL TAKE THIS JUST IN CASE THERE'S NO PAPER...!



MEANWHILE, THE COPS HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THEIR PREY AND WERE SET TO POUNCE...!



OTHER UNINVITED 'GUESTS' HAD INVADDED THE HOTEL, AS GLORIA FOUND TO HER COST AS SHE SLOWLY DIED, THE VICTIM OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY BY A DIM-EYED CORPSE.



WITH THE COPS ARRIVAL, THE SHIT REALLY HIT THE FAN!



THE PUSHERS FELL BACK, STRAIGHT INTO THE CLAMMY CLAWS OF THE LIVING DEAD THAT WERE ONCE THEIR FAITHFUL CUSTOMERS.



JAMES WENT IN SEARCH OF GLORIA AND HIS LOOT.



THE BATTLE RAGED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE. EACH PARTY WAS THE OTHER'S DREADED ENEMY AND FRENZIEDLY THEY BEAT, RIPPED AND SHOT THE LIVIN' PISS OUT OF EACH OTHER, COMPLETELY RUINING THE CARPET.



MEANWHILE, IN HIS LOFTY TOWER, THE HOTEL'S DESPOTIC POWER-CRAZED OWNER EXCITEDLY SURVEYS THE CARNAGE, MASTURBATING FURIOUSLY AT THIS AMAZING REALISATION OF HIS BRILLIANT PLANS.



FOR, YOU SEE, HE HAD SOMEHOW ARRANGED ALL THIS, TO PROVE A FINE MORAL POINT, WHICH IS:



© 1981
MIKE
MATTHEWS.

The Market-
place was a
SORDID AFFAIR:

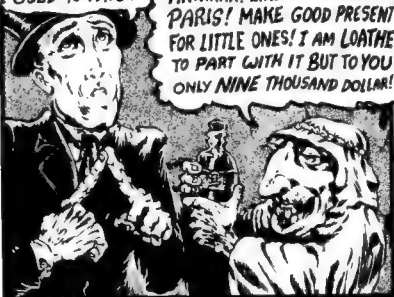
Jerome's Pilgrimage



Arabic-looking Germ-sellers prowled around trying to sell the latest bottled disease with horrible grins.

I THINK I'LL GET USED TO THIS.

NO, SAHIB! YOU BUY LOVELY ANTHRAX! LATEST FASHION IN PARIS! MAKE GOOD PRESENT FOR LITTLE ONES! I AM LOATHE TO PART WITH IT BUT TO YOU ONLY NINE THOUSAND DOLLAR!



DEPART, FOUL ONE!
OR I SHALL STRIKE
YOU DOWN AND TEAR
OUT YOUR KIDNEYS!



The natives, naturally, fled blubbering in TERROR.

ALLAH SAVE ME FROM THAT MAD BASTARD!!

AWAY!



AWAY! past livid papier-maché Kettle-peddlers who screamed indecent insults and suggestions to non-buyers.

YOU BUGGER!
NO BUY, eh?
TAKE THAT!

AWAY! Past charcoal grilled-ice cream salesmen battling it out with the locals over rents due...

Away! past...
past EVERYTHING
until...





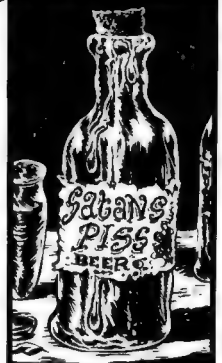
AND SO, INSIDE... Actually Within the ROTTING mud walls; inside the proverbial DEN OF VICE, the PIT of INIQUITY, the home of the fallen, to Find...



The bar was tended by a decaying man riddled with dozens of obscure diseases and liable to cough his lungs into your pint of their local brew.

A thick glutinous coxture, a truly evil concoction entitled...

The place suddenly filled up with sweating seedy-looking men with tiny eyes.



Jerome shouted at a particularly obnoxious little specimen.



It spat
at him...

Then squirmed away into a
dark corner before Jerome
could tread on him.



COME BACK YOU
HORRID BAG OF
SNOT!

SUDDENLY the lights
spluttered and dimmed.



A flickering spotlight focused
on the greasy stage.
Silence. And then...



SHE
APPEARED!!

The Hippo swayed sensuously to
the throbbing musical
accompaniment.



SUDDENLY the stage collapsed.
The Hippo disappeared from sight.



KRAASH!

They stood and cooed lecherously. Some
leapt into the air or flopped to the
floor in spasmodic fits of hysterical extacy.



HUBBAHUBBA!
THAT'S MY GIRL!
DARLING!
MARRY
ME!

The audience was **SPELLBOUND**.



CURIOUS.

said
Jerome

There was an awful stunned silence.
Some began to cry...



When PANDEMONIUM gripped the Joint!! Tables and chairs were kicked and punched!





Marilyn Monroe

A HOLLYWOOD FANTASY

Michael Matthews 1981

It was 1949 and the Korean war hadn't yet begun. Winding around trapdoors, strained conversations on tip-toe creaked ominously like shutters in foreboding of the coming apocalyptic storm...

BUT IN AFRICA, MARILYN MONROE ROWED TWO GROWN-UP GORRILLA'S DOWN A FAMOUS RIVER.



I'm responsible for marrying you two. I may not see you again....!



SHE YAWNED, STRETCHING OUT LANGUIDLY. NOTORIOUSLY BLONDE, SWATHED IN WHITE SILK, SHE HAD RECENTLY COMPLETED HER LATEST MOVIE:

'La Femme et le Big Fat Bully.'



AN OUTRAGEOUS EXPOSE OF TRADE UNION SNOBBERY, IT WAS A LAND-MARK IN THE HISTORY OF THE DIRTY MOVIE.

I was made to do things on the back of an elephant...

SHE PURRED, HALF ASLEEP AND NOT REALLY IN THE MOOD FOR TALKING.



'He staggered back, knees together, of the dreaded Goobaba tribe...'

SHE FELL ASLEEP.



I...I hope you... can be very...very... happy....! sniff!

**"HE TOLD ME
TO FUCK OFF..."
SO I BLEW
HIS BRAINS OUT!**

OH BRAD
YOU'RE SUCH A
BASTARD!

SOB!

SUZIE! NO! NO!

**POW!
POW!
POW!**

BY:
Lucifer M. Matthews ©1981

It all began when my fiancée BRAD was humping me like a maniac in his plush downtown apartment...

'AFTERWARDS' we cooled off in the warm afterglow of orgasm.



It was fuckin' idyllic .
But then brad hit me where it hurts .

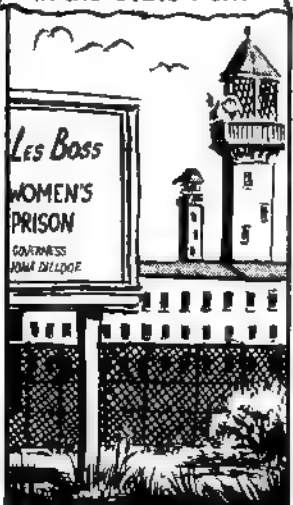


One in the brains , one in the belly and one in the balls for luck . The cops burst in and caught me red-handed.



Oh, the court case was GHASTLY!
The judge was a difficult bastard to fool with my 'Little Miss Innocent' act.

But I didn't do too badly. Two years in the State Pen.



And it was there that I at last found my True Love...!



MURDER

MORPHINE

AND

Mother

© 1981

M. MATTHEWS

BAM!

BAM!
BAM!

IT'S
ALRIGHT
MA!

I'LL GET YOU
OUT OF THIS
FUCKIN' CHAOTIC
SITUATION
SOMEHOW...!

I'LL GET YOUR
'DRUG HABIT'
STRAIGHTENED
OUT!

THEN WE'LL
BE JUST FINE...!

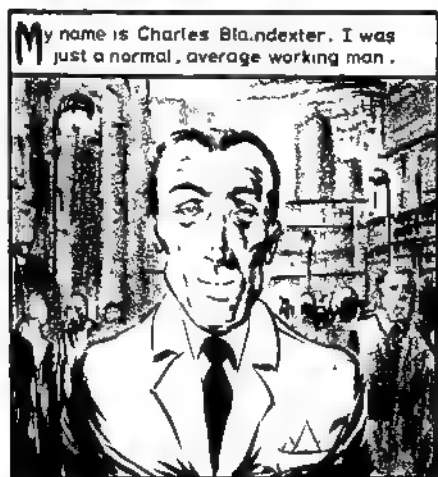
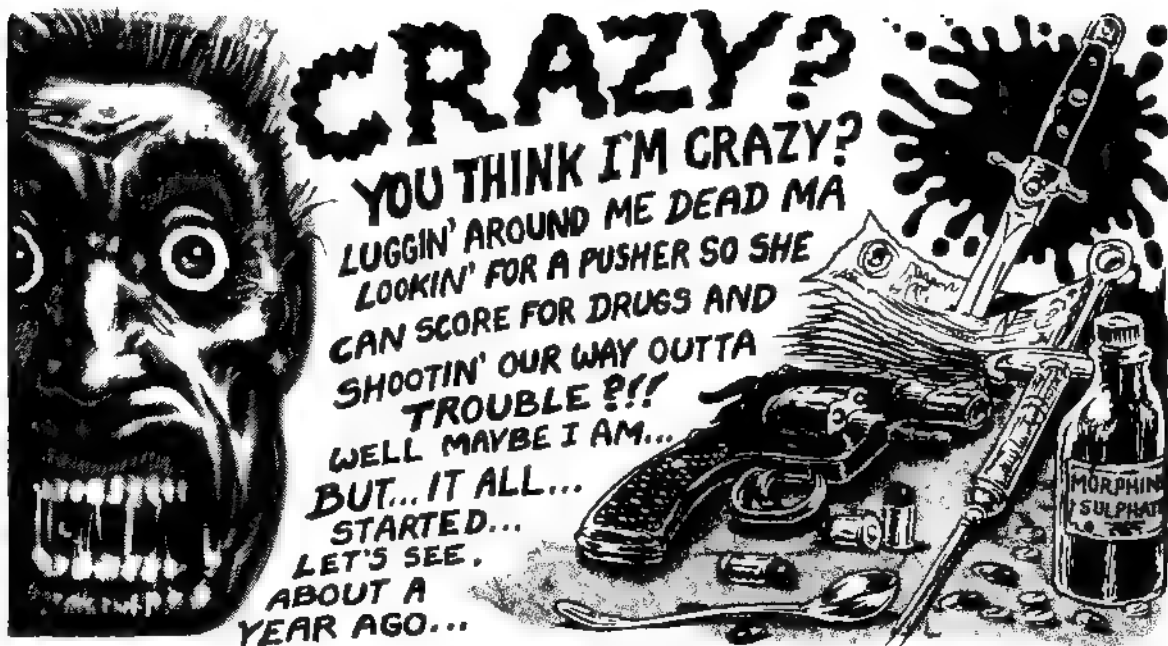
ZOMBIE Romance

-PRESENTS-

A TRUE STORY!

From Actual Police Files!!!

(ONLY THE NAMES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS
HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE URP..)



Little did I know happiness has a high price...!

Soon the opium ceased to be effective. She resorted to regular daily injections of morphine....!



The morphine dosage increased. She needed more and more. All my money paid for her 'drug habit'. But still it wasn't enough!



So I had to resort to crime!



It also meant clandestine meetings with furtive characters to secure certain illegal 'substances'.



But still it wasn't enough!

Even after all her teeth fell out and she'd been reduced to a walking skeleton, she begged for more. It was horrible!



One day I came home to find...



It was a simple ceremony.



I visited her every day, of course.



Instead of flowers I brought her syringes in pots of morphine.

But soon just talking to a headstone and a heap of dirt wasn't enough! I had to see her again!



LISTEN MA, KEEP QUIET! I'M BUSTIN' YOU OUT!

Maybe this whole thing had sent me a little crazy, but as soon as I saw Ma's smiling face, prettied up by the mortician, I didn't care, we were back together again!



K-KRIK-K-EEK!

MA! IT'S, IT'S REALLY YOU! GAHH!

I knew what she'd want right away. We revisited my old haunts.



WHA'THJH MUTHAH FUCKIN' ?!

GIMME SOMETHIN' FOR MY MA THERE. SHE'S SICK OR SOMETHIN'.

But however much 'stuff' I pumped into her, it didn't seem to have any affect...! I grew hysterically desperate.



GOOD STUFF, MA!

WHY AINT YOU YOUR OLD SELF, MA?!

Finally, as we rambled through the city, the law caught up with us.



HALT!

HOW ABOUT GOING TO A MOVIE, MA?

OR THE ZOO?

HALT OR WE FIRE!

And so as we died in a pool of blood and formaldehyde, I smiled, knowing this... yes, this would have been the way she would have wanted it to end.



THE END... AND WHEN I DIE I SHALL STILL GO TO HEAVEN.

Suzie's Savage Romance

1953...

I'LL HAVE THIS ONE,
MR COZNOFSKI!

O.K. KID THAT'LL
BE TEN CENTS

GEE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A REAL GOOD ONE!

CRIME

GIVE UP
JOE!

ONE MORE STEP
FORWARD AND
I PLUG THE
GOIL!

MY
HERO!

© 1981 MIKE MATTHEWS

THIS IS THE STORY OF JOE GRIZELLI...
"THEY CALLED HIM
PUBLIC ENEMY
"BUT TO ME NUMBER #2
HE'LL ALWAYS BE NO #1"

Hi there, SUCKER!
MY NAME'S SUZIE SLEAZE
I WAS WORKING THE
STRIP JOINTS...

HONKAY, THAT WAS
OUR NEW COMEDIAN
LENNY BRUCE. GIVE
"I'M A BIG HAND FOLKS,
HE WAS TATTIN' HIS
BEST. AND NOW
WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN
WAITING FOR
SUZIE THE BANANA LADY!!



I WAS A SHANTOOZE 'N' DANCER AT 'THE INFESTED BELLY' SALOON. PRETTY MUCH DOWN ON MY LUCK.



HEY TITS! FIVE BUCKS FOR A GOOD TIME!

FUCK OFF, CREEP.

I'M SUZIE THE BANANA LADY
WATCH ME PEEL AWAY
MAH SKINS...

SOME HAD FAVOURABLY COMPARED MY VOICE TO A MIXTURE OF 'BETTY BOOP' AND MARILYN MONROE.



THE SCHMUCK CUSTOMERS WATCHED AND LISTENED. ENRaptured



THEN IN WALKED JOE ..



'MANAC' JOE GRIZZELLI!
I WAS IMMEDIATELY MESMERIZED



JOE WAS A WELL KNOWN HOOD. THAT NIGHT HE HAD DECIDED TO CLEAN OUT THE JOINT WHERE I WORKED. HOW KIND IS FATE!



DA DOUGH OR DIE.

W-W-W-WAIT
J-JOE! I I...

BUT JOE COULDN'T WAIT.



JOE WAS NOTORIOUS FOR NOT LEAVING ANY WITNESSES. HE HAULED OUT A GIGANTIC CHOPPER. !



AS HE FINISHED OFF THE CLIENTELE, I STROLLED OVER AND INTRODUCED MYSELF.



SO I BECAME JOE'S MOLL!



THE COPS DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE!

YEAH. LOOKS LIKE ONE OF JOE'S JOBS...
YEAH. THE ONLY DETAILED DESCRIPTION WE'VE GOT OF HIM IS THAT HE'S BUILT LIKE A BRICK SHITHOUSE, GOT A FACE LIKE A MAP OF A RAILROAD YARD, AND er... HE HAS er...
uhm A TATTOO. er



A TATTOO WHERE SAYING WHAT?!



WE STAYED IN AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF CHEAP HOTELS, SOMEHOW KEEP NG ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW. AH. THOSE WERE WILD, HEADY DAYS... AND LONG, HOT NIGHTS



I GAVE UP WORKING OF COURSE AND JOE TREATED ME LIKE A QUEEN...





I CAN'T KNOCK JOE FOR NOT BEING A GOOD PROVIDER ... WHENEVER I NEEDED ANYTHING TO SATISFY MY EXPENSIVE WHIMS AND FANCIES, WHY, HE'D JUST GO RIGHT OUT AND GET IT FOR ME !



SOMETIMES I'D ACCOMPANY JOE ON HIS JOBS, BUT THERE WASN'T REALLY ALL THAT MUCH FOR ME TO DO.



SOMETIMES HE'D GET PISSED OUT OF HIS SKULL AND BEAT THE SHIT OUTTA ME.. THE AWFUL BASTARD..



I'D GET MY OWN BACK THE ONLY WAY I COULD.
I'D STICK TWO GRAPES UP HIS NOSE AND
A SAUSAGE DOWN HIS PANTS ...



THEN I'D WAIT TILL HE WOKE UP ...



JOE HAD ONLY ONE GREAT,
OVERWHELMING FEAR...



THE FEAR OF LOS'NG HIS MANHOOD' IN A GUNFIGHT, BAR-ROOM BRAWL, WHATEVER. IT WORKED EVERY TIME. THEN I'D RUSH IN



BUT THINGS WERE BREAKING UP BETWEEN US.
ONE DAY I FOLLOWED HIM TO THE PARK WHERE
I SAW THE AWFUL TRUTH...!



SO I MADE A
PHONE CALL

NOW LISTEN AND
LISTEN GOOD ...



SUZIE, I GOT A
SURPRISE FOR YA
neh neh

JOE! GIVE
YOURSELF
UP!





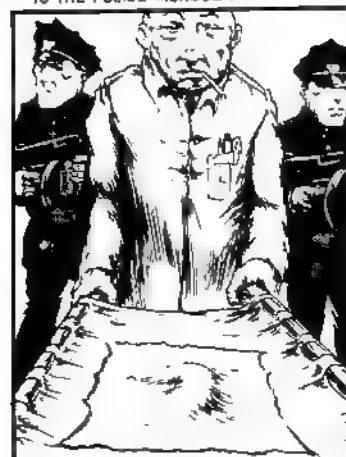
JOE SHOWED HIS CH-VALRY .



THEY OPENED UP WITH EVERYTHING THEY HAD.
I'M TELLIN' YA . IT WAS MESSY .



JOE'S REMNANTS WERE HAULED OFF
TO THE POLICE MORGUE .



I SPENT A SHORT TIME IN THE HOLE WHILST THEY WONDERED WHAT TO DO WITH ME LUCKILY, THE MEDIA MOB, SMELLING A GOOD STORY, HELPED GET ME OUT FREE!



I BECAME A CELEBRITY! I SOLD MY STORY TO NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, TELEVISION, MOVIES AND I WROTE A BEST-SELLING BOOK...



THAT WAS IT! I WAS MADE FOR LIFE! THE CREEP HAD FINALLY PAID OFF IN SPADES!



I BANKED MY DOUGH AND LIVED IN THE LAP OF LUXURY, FÊTÉ, FLATTERED AND FAWNED OVER BY THE FASCINATED 'INTELLIGENTSIA', WHO THRILLED TO MY 'APPALLING' LOW-LIFE STORIES. HA HA HAA! SUCKERS!

THE END



BOBBY! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO WASTE YOUR MONEY ON THOSE TRASHY COMIC BOOKS?!



I DON'T WANT ANY SON OF MINE GROWING UP INTO A JUVENILE DELINQUENT!



I'VE READ WHAT THE GOOD DOCTOR WERTHLESS SAYS AND THOSE FILTHY THINGS SEDUCE AND PORNOGRAPHATE YOUR INNOCENT YOUNG MIND!



COME ALONG HOME NOW, BOBBY I'VE GOT YOU SOME NICE B&G BANANAS!

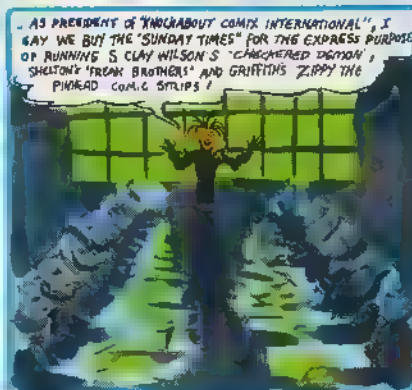
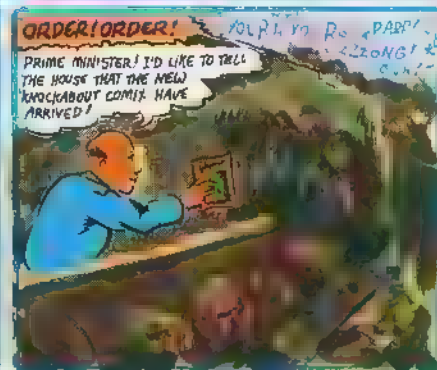
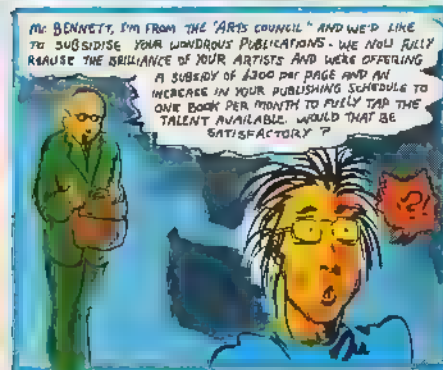
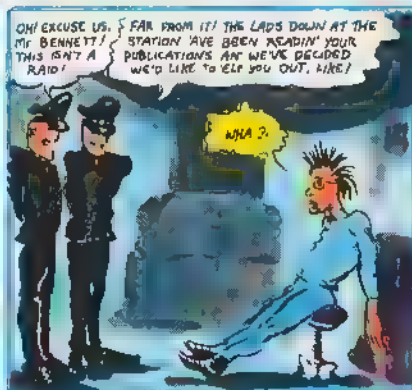
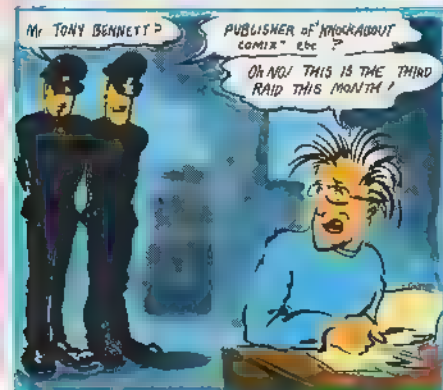


THE END

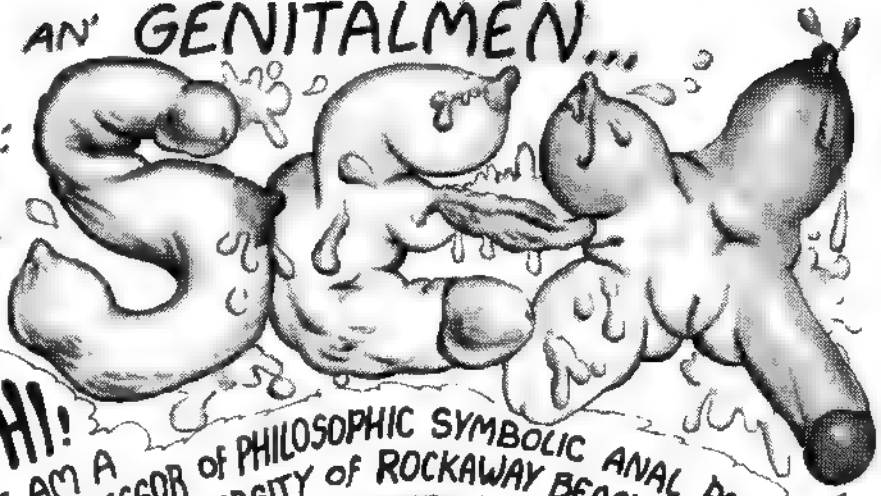
DAYDREAMS of a

COMIC-PUBLISHER

by Mike Matthews 083-...



LAYDEEZ AN' GENITALMEN...
NOW for SOME:



HI!
I AM A PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHIC SYMBOLIC ANAL RETENTIVISM
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCKAWAY BEACH... AND I JUST
WANNA GET FUCKED!



TODAY STUDUNCES, WE SHALL DISCUSS THE MERITS OF PLATO WHEN COMPARED TO...



RUBBING A CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE ON A 17-YEAR OLD BLONDES CUNT AN' LICKIN' IT ALL OFF!

Ooh! You FUNNY MAN! Giggie!



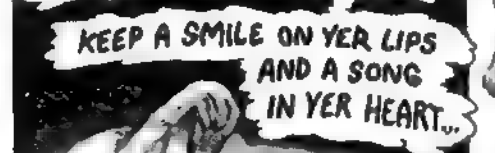
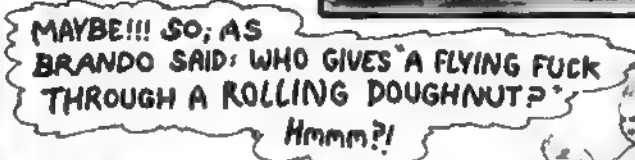
NOW, YOU SEE, AS SOPHOCLES ONCE STATED: "I LOVE A HOT THROBBIN' COCK BETWEEN MY TITS!" OR WAS THAT SHAKESPEARE...?



DOES ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY HAVE A PLACE IN TODAYS MODERN WORLD? PERHAPS IT BELONGS UP THE ANUS OF CATHY, A 19-YEAR OLD "MODEL" WHO LOVES BUTCH TRUCK-DRIVERS AND HELPIN' OUT IN ORPHANAGES!

YOU BET!





PORTRAIT of an AMERICAN PRINCESS

STORY BY:

LYDIA LUNCH ©85

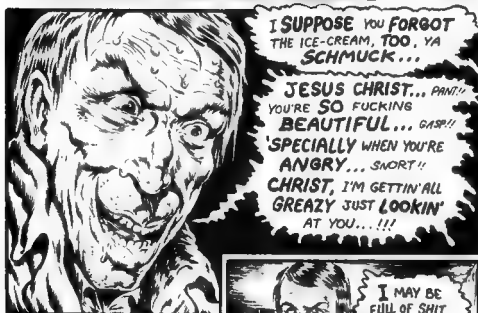
PICTURES BY:

MIKE MATTHEWS ©85

WHERE IS THAT
STUPID LITTLE SHIT
ANYWAY...??!

AND
YOU HAVE
WON A COMPLETE
KITCHEN
APPLIANCE
SET AND A
TWO WEEK
HOLIDAY
FOR TWO
IN NORTH
DAKOTA !!











After valiantly battling his way through hordes of Super-heroes, wads of monsters, an agonising bunch of "jokes" and various other oddities of the 'UKCAC' '86 souvenir booklet, our hero finds to his HORROR that he's been drawn by...

MIKE MATTHEWS!!!

GASP!

PANT! COUGH!
OH MY GOD, NO!
THE HORRENDOUS
IGNOMINY
OF IT...!
WHIMPER...!
SOB!

EEEEW!!

DIZ-GUSTEEN!



The CURSE of Saint Dymphna.

© 1986
STORY LYDIA LUTCH
PICTURES MIKE MATTHEWS

INVITATION
TO THE FAMILY LUNCHEON OF
DELIA DIPNER (RIP)
DECEASED MAY 15 - MAY 1988.
BELOVED WIFE OF DEAN DIPNER
(OF LATE DEPARTURE, FOR THE LAST OF HIS DAYS)
"SHE WILL LIVE FOREVER
IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS"
TO BE HELD IN THE U.S. LUNCHEON
ROOM OF THE U.S. LUNCHEON





HERE'S DEAN NOW
HE JUST HASN'T BEEN
THE SAME SINCE
DELIA DIED

OH
I KNOW!
IT'S
TERRIBLE!



OMMM...
DELIA



MMNGHH...
WHY ME??



I JUST NEED A PILL



GYURF!
GUEP HFI
GMP



GLUK GOMP



AAAHH...
GUEP
Phew!

JESUS, DELIA
WHY DID YOU
HAVE TO GO AT
A TIME LIKE
THIS? I
SHIT
BABE



I JUST GOT
THRU PAYING
FOR THE
HOUSE

I JUST MADE AN
ABSOLUTE KILLING ON
THE STOCK MARKET

WE GOT OUR
MATCHING BMW'S
SITTING IN THE
DRIVEWAY

DINAH JUST GOT ACCEPTED
TO PRINCETON... ON HER 16TH
BIRTHDAY, NO LESS!



WE HAD THE WORLD BY THE
BALLS, BABE!



AND YOU HAD TO
BLOW IT!



OHMM BABY
BEIDES THAT
YOU HAD THE
TIGHTEST
BOX IN
CREATION!

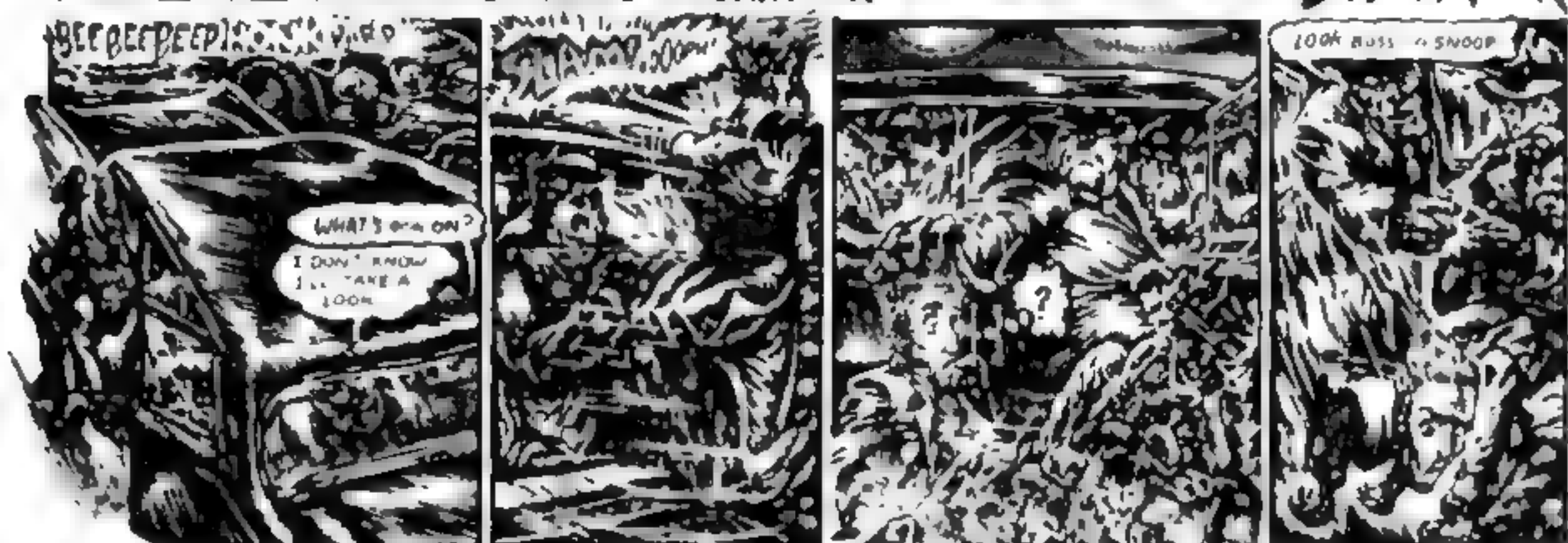
grrrr!
HEH
HEH



SUFFERING AN A SHOCK, DEAN WITH DRUGS AND ALCOHOL INDUCED STUPOR HAS A MIRACULOUS VISION WHEREBY MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BECOME ONE AND THE SAME!!!











OHM'GOD! SHE LEFT
WITH THAT FILTHY
NIGGER OVER!

SM REJECTS HER OWN
FLESH AND BLOOD
[UN WHAT???



WILL KILL
THAT LITTLE
BITCH

**BUT SAY ONLY
A BABY!**

4004 11. ICE
THE JIG, GLADLY
BUT ON GIRL ?

CANT YA JUST
BLAP 'ER AROUND
LIKE A GOOD
PAPA AN' TAKE
'ER BACK?

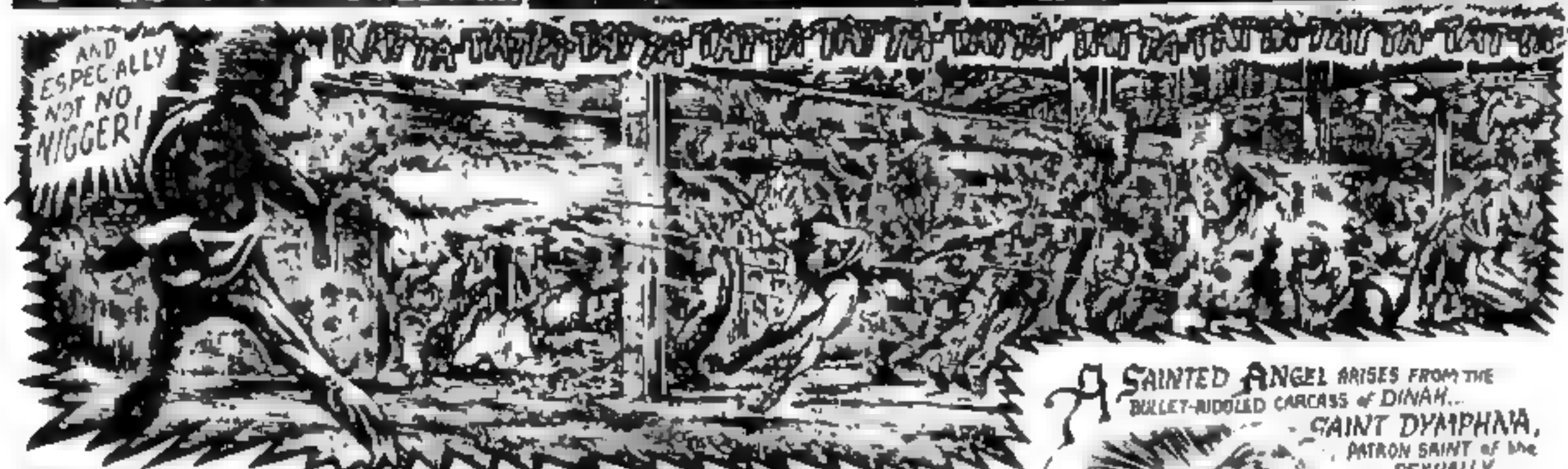
NC



NO.

DADDY DADDY NO! I'M TOTALLY
FUCKING INSANE! GET ME THE
HELL OUTTA HERE!

IF
NOT
ME,
THEN
NO
ONE



AND
ESPECIALLY
NOT NO
NIGGER!

**SAINTED ANGEL ARISES FROM THE
DIRTY, BLOOD-CARCASS OF DINAH...**

SAINT DYMPPHIA,
PATRON SAINT of the
SEXUALLY
INSANE



IT IS ONCE AGAIN
OBVIOUS THAT THE 'AUTHORS'
PLAGUED WITH THEIR USUAL
PROBLEM OF NOT HAVING A
SINGLE SOLITARY IDEA BETWEEN
THEMSELVES, HAVE ONCE AGAIN
PLAGIARIZED A TRUE STORY AND
TURNED IT INTO NO MORE THAN
A RANT OF SEX AND SMUG
- ANYONE OF THEM
INTEREST
STORY

IF ANYONE OUT THERE IS ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN THE REAL STORY, THEN IT DOESN'T BE THE SEX AND SMUT!

ADHNA LIVED IN 7TH CENTURY IRELAND: WHEN AS A YOUNG GIRL, HER MOTHER DIED, LEAVING HER TO THE CARE FOR HER FATHER, A PAGAN KING. GROWING VOLUPTUOUSLY INTO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, SHE DEPARTED HER FATHER'S PASSIONS BECAUSE SO INFLAMED, HE WAS NO LONGER ABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF!

CLINGING HIMSELF TROTTLELESSLY
AT HER FEET, BEGGING THAT THEY
CEMENT THEIR RELATIONSHIP EVEN
FURTHER, THE YOUNG DYMPIA
BECAME DISTRAUGHT BY SUCH THOUGHTS
FLIERING TO BILKUM WITH HER TRUSTED
CONFESSOR, THEY PLANNED TO LIVE IN
COMPLETE SOLITUDE
ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN
THAT SLOBBERING MADMAN
WELL IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
OL' DADDY DUMPS SNAFFED A
CLEAR TO OUR L.I.L VENU
DEMANDING WHAT WAS
'RIGHTFULLY HIS' H
HER ONE L

DADDY DUFFY
LEARN TO OUR LIL' VENER-
'DEMANDING WHAT WAS
'RIGHTFULLY HIS' HER!
OFFERING HER ONE LAST
CHANCE TO BECOME THE
TRUE QUEEN SHE WAS MEANT
TO BE CA HAVING HER HEAD
AMPUTATED, SHE CHOSE
THE LATTER
(PROVING SHE HAD MORE
DIGNITY THAN THE ENTIRE
READERSHIP OF THIS
END MAD S FANS MEN

ORDERING HIS HENCHMEN
TO OBLITERATE THE YOUNG
CUR, BUT FINDING THEM A tad
SHY OF POSSESSING ENOUGH
NERVE TO ACTUALLY SNUFF
SUCH A YOUNG GODDESS,
DAD GRABBED THE SWORD
HIMSELF AND WITH
ONE FELL SWOOP
KNOCKED
HER BLOCK
OFF!

BUILT ON THE SITE OF
THE DECAPITATION, IN
1892, 25 MILES FROM RANTHUMBUR
STILL STANDS A SANATORIUM
WHICH BOASTS MIRACULOUS
HEALING POWERS
GRANTED FROM

HEALING POWERS
GRANTED FROM
SAINT DYMUNA
PATRON SAINT of the
(SEXUALLY) INSANE.
WAS THOUGHT

AND YOU THOUGHT
WE WERE MAKING
A MISTAKE

HULLO DEARIES?
I'M THE
OLD BIBLE
KEEPER!
AND I'M HERE TO
TELL YOU ABOUT
THE BOOK
JUDGES

NOW PAY
ATTENTION
UNLIKE I
EXPLAIN THE
BACKGROUND.

IT ALL STARTED
BECAUSE THE ISRAELITES
DIDN'T PRACTICE A POLICY
OF GENOCIDE AND SUCH ON
THE OTHER INHABITANTS,
SUCH AS THE CANNANITES,
BUT ALLOWED THEM
TO LIVE AND
PRACTICE
THEIR OWN
RELIGIONS!

This made GOD mad, so an ANGEL of the
LORD came down and said...

THE LORD TOLD YOU
WHEN HE GAVE YOU THIS
LAND THAT YOU WERE
TO DRIVE OUT THE
ORIGINAL
OWNERS...

AND YOU DIDN'T!

SO FROM NOW ON YOU'RE IN
BIG TROUBLE! GOD HAS ORDAINED
THAT YOU WILL START WORSHIPPING
THEIR GODS...

AND EVERY TIME YOU DO
THAT GODS GONNA GET ANGRY!
GET IT? YOU SHOULD HAVE
GOT THE CANNANITES WHILE
YOU HAD THE CHANCE!

IT'S
BUTINE
JUSTICE!

THEN CAME THE
JUDGES!
MEN AND WOMEN WHO
DELIVERED THE JEWS FROM
SLAVERY!

THE FIRST JUDGE WAS OTHNIEL, AND
DELIVERED THE JEWS
FROM THE
KINGS OF
MESOPOTAMIA.

JUDGE EHUD

THE NEXT
WAS EHUD
THE LEFT-
HANDED.

AND GOD'S DESIRE
CAME TO PASS...
THE ISRAELITES LEFT-A
WORSHIPPING AFTER OTHER GODS,
AS GOD AND ORDAINED...
THIS GOT GOD REALLY
FURIOUS; SO HE SOLD
THEM ALL INTO
SLAVERY!

AND EVERY
TIME A JUDGE DIED,
GOD WOULD DELIVER
THE JEWS BACK
INTO SLAVERY!

AND IN THIS
TIME THE ISRAELITES
HAD SERVED
EGLOON, KING OF
MOAB, FOR
18 YEARS.

AND KING EGLOON WAS A VERY FAT MAN

CHIM'S SORRY YEES!

SO
COME
IN!

WULF DEARIES?
I'M THE
OLD BIBLE
KEEPER!
AND HERE TO
TELL YOU ABS-
OLUTELY THE
BOOK OF
JUDGES

NOW PAY
ATTENTION
WHILE I
EXPLAIN THE
BACKGROUND

IT ALL STARTED
BECAUSE THE ISRAELITES
DIDN'T PRACTICE A POLICY
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SO FROM NOW ON, YOU GOT TO
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THAT YOU WILL START WORSHIPPING
THEIR GODS...

AND EVERY TIME YOU DO
THAT GODS GONNA GET ANGRY!
GOT IT? YOU SHOULD WIPED
OUT THE CANNANITES WHILE
YOU HAD THE CHANCE!

IT'S
BRING
JUSTICE!

THEN CAME THE
JUDGES!
MEN AND WOMEN WHO
DELIVERED THE JEWS FROM
SLAVERY!

THE FIRST JUDGE WAS OTHNIEL; AND
DELIVERED THE JEWS
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THEM ALL INTO
SLAVERY!

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TIME A JUDGE DIED,
GOD WOULD DELIVER
THE JEWS BACK
TO SLAVERY!

AND IN HIS
TIME THE ISRAELITES
HAD SERVED
EGLOON, KING OF
MOAB, FOR
18 YEARS.

CHIMNEY SMOKE YEARS

AND KING EGLON WAS A VERY FAT MAN

20
COWS
IN A
DAY



WELL,
DEARIES

THOSE WERE A FEW
MORAL TALES FROM THE
BOOK OF JUDGES
FOR YOU...

WHAT'S
THAT YOU
SAY...

NOW
DOES IT
END?

WELL...

I HOPE YOU'LL ALL
TRY TO LIVE YOUR LIVES
BY THESE BIBLICAL
LESSONS FROM
NOW ON...

THERE WAS A LONG AND BLOODY CIVIL WAR BETWEEN
THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN AND
EVERYONE ELSE

BECAUSE THE
BENJAMINITES REFUSED
TO EXECUTE THE
RAPISTS OF
GIBEAH...

THOUSANDS
DIED

THE ISRAELITES ALSO
SWORE THEY'D RATHER
DIE THAN GIVE THE
BENJAMINITES
WIVES FROM
THEIR TRIBES!
"SWOGGER"
(WHY?)

EVENTUALLY
THEY ALL MADE
A PEACE TREATY

EVENTUALLY...

BUT WHERE
WERE THEY TO GET
THE WIVES FOR THE TRIBE
OF BENJAMIN?

"WE HAD A
MEETING..."

WHERE
GOD TOLD
THEM TO PUT
TO DEATH ANY-
ONE WHO DIDN'T
TURN UP!

LUCKILY, THE VILLAGE
OF JABESH-GILEAD
HADN'T ARRIVED AT
THE MEETING...

SO IT WAS USED AS A SOURCE OF FEMALE
FLESH!



THEY KILLED
ALL THE MEN,
ALL THE
CHILDREN, AND
EVERY WOMAN
WHO HAD LAIN
WITH A MAN.

MOOR LEFT
THEM WITH
FOUR HUNDRED
VIRGINS.

NOT
ENOUGH.

SO THE ELDERS OF ISRAEL SENT THE MEN
OF BENJAMIN TO SHILOH. WHERE THERE WAS
A FESTIVAL OF THE LORD IN PROGRESS.
AND THE ELDERS SAID...



LOOK IN THE VINEYARDS!
AND WHEN THE DAUGHTERS
OF SHILOH COME OUT TO DANCE.

CATCH YOU
EVERY MAN A
WIFE AND ESCAPE
TO THE LAND
OF BENJAMIN.



WHY
THEY
DID!

WHOLESALE RAPE, SLAUGHTER,
MURDER AND ABDUCTION! ORDERED
OR CONDEMNED BY GOD TO MAKE UP
FOR ANOTHER AWFUL RAPE AND
MURDER.!!

WELL!

YOU CANT SAY THE
OLD BIBLE KEEPER
DOESNT GIVE YOU
THE GOOD STUFF,
EH, KIDDIES.??
WELL,
BVE BE

OR
THE
MORAL??

JUST THIS...
IN THOSE DAYS
THERE WAS NO
KING IN
ISRAEL...

EVERY MAN DID
THAT WHICH WAS
RIGHT IN HIS
OWN EYES.

NEW
WAVE
PAPER

ARTIST: R. ELLI
GAMEN BY
ART: © MARK
MARTIN/97

LIVING JUST ACROSS THE WAY,
WE'D BEEN WATCHING
EACH OTHER FOR SOME
TIME...

SHE HAD NICE CONTOURS,
GOING IN AND OUT IN ALL THE
RIGHT PLACES.

AND
SHE WAS
BUILT BIG...!
THE WAY I LIKE 'EM.

SEEMS SHE HAD QUITE A REPUTATION.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS SHE'D SCREWED HALF OF EUROPE
AND LEFT 'EM COMPLETELY IN HER THRALL...!

NOT THAT I
WAS WORRIED...
I'D SCREWED THE
OTHER HALF, AND
I HAD QUITE A
REPUTATION MYSELF.
I'VE GOT A BIG
WEAPON THAT'S
TALKED ABOUT
FROM BIKINI RIGHT
UP TO BERKSHIRE!

NO, SHE
DIDN'T
INTIMIDATE
ME...

I LOOKED UPON HER AS...A CHALLENGE...!

A PORNOGRAPHY
WRITTEN BY:
ALAN MOORE ©'88
and ILLUSTRATED BY:
MIKE MATTHEWS ©'88

COMING SOON!

I SUPPOSE IT WAS INEVITABLE WE'D RUN INTO EACH OTHER SOONER OR LATER...

WH!

THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA SUPPORT YOUR... IN "MOOSE-HARDON" RESISTANCE OF THE GODLESS COMMIE INVASION WITH THESE SIMPLE "GIFTS" TO HELP RESTORE DEMOCRACY, FREEDOM AND THE CHURCH!

ALLAH BE PRAISED!

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, AND WE ALWAYS SEEMED TO SHOW AN INTEREST IN THE SAME PLACES.

"STINGER" MISSILE INSTRUCTIONS...
① Aim, hold on target...
② Pull trigger... NEVER MISS!!

ON THE OCCASION IN QUESTION, I MANOEUVRED MYSELF INTO A POSITION WHERE I COULD BRUSH UP AGAINST HER INVITING REAR...

I WAS AS DISCRETE AS POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN SHE FELT THE INSISTENT PRESSURE AGAINST HER FLANKS, SHE KNEW AT ONCE WHO WAS BEHIND IT...!

I COULD TELL THAT THE SIZE OF MY EQUIPMENT IMPRESSED HER...!

WE EXCHANGED A FEW HEATED, PASSIONATE WORDS...

I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT WAS SAID... BUT BY NOW EVERYONE HAD NOTICED HOW WE WERE CARRYING ON...

SO WE DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE ACTION BACK AT HER PLACE!

NO SOONER DID I GET THERE THAN SHE TOOK OFF ALL THE WRAPS AND SHOWED ME EVERYTHING SHE'D GOT...!

SHE WAS EVEN MORE WELL-DEVELOPED THAN I'D ANTICIPATED...

STRAIGHT AWAY, I WENT TO WORK ON HER WITH MY MOUTH... ROUSING MYSELF INTO A FRENZY AS I DID SO...!

IT DROVE HER WILD! AS I KNEW IT WOULD...!

SHE RECIPROCATED, USING HER TONGUE AS CLEVERLY AS SHE COULD. ALL THE WHILE THRUSTING HER ORGAN INTO MY FACE...!

WHEN WE WERE RIGHT ON THE BRINK AND APPROACHING THE POINT OF NO RETURN... WE WITHDREW... SO AS TO DELAY THE INEVITABLE...

...BUT BOTH OF US WERE STILL PANTING AND READY FOR MORE...!

AND TO THINK EVERYONE HAD SAID THAT SHE WAS COLD...!



SINCE WE WERE BOTH FAIRLY SOPHISTICATED, I DECIDED TO SHOW HER SOME OF THE FANCIER TRICKS IN MY REPERTOIRE...!

FIRST, I TIED UP HER ARMS...

THEN, REARING UP ABOVE, I MOVED IN LOW, UNTIL SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO COME OVER HER FRONT...!

KEEPING HER IN SUSPENSE, I MERELY TIGHTENED MY GRIP UPON HER VULNERABLE HILLS.

THE 'INSTRUMENT' I USE IN SUCH SITUATIONS WAS BIG AND HARD AND READY TO ENGAGE!

IT'S HEAD WAS PURPLE AND ENGORGED WITH BLOOD!

STILL...

I HELD BACK...!
I'D ANTICIPATED THIS MOMENT FOR YEARS...
AND DIDN'T WANT IT TO ALL BE OVER IN A FLASH...!

OPTION 4318
PROPOSED MISSILE TRAJECTORY PROGRAMMIES
3+2

NOT JUST YET...

BY NOW, HOWEVER, EXCITED BY MY ATTENTIONS, SHE URGED ME ON TO NEW PLATEAUS OF EXCESS!

DAS IST NICHT EIN LACH...!

IT WAS SHE, FOR EXAMPLE, WHO FIRST DECIDED UPON GETTING THE NEIGHBOURS TO JOIN IN!



THEY WERE
RELUCTANT... AT FIRST...
BUT WHEN WE APPLIED PRESSURE
TO ALL THEIR MOST SENSITIVE
AREAS THEY BECAME ONLY
TOO WILLING TO
COMPLY!

IN THE ENSUING
ORGY THEY DID
THINGS TO EACH OTHER
THEY'D ALWAYS WANTED
TO, BUT NEVER
DARED
SUGGEST!

THINGS THEY'D KEPT
BOTTLED UP IN SECRET
CAME SPILLING
OUT!



ONE FEMALE AQUAINTANCE
I'D INVITED TO TAKE PART
PROMISED TO RAVAGE THE
OBJECT OF MY DESIRES WITH
CERTAIN DEVICES, IF I'D
PIN HER DOWN WHILE
SHE DID IT TO HER...

TOPOGRAPHIC
NEO-STRATEGIC
POSITION...

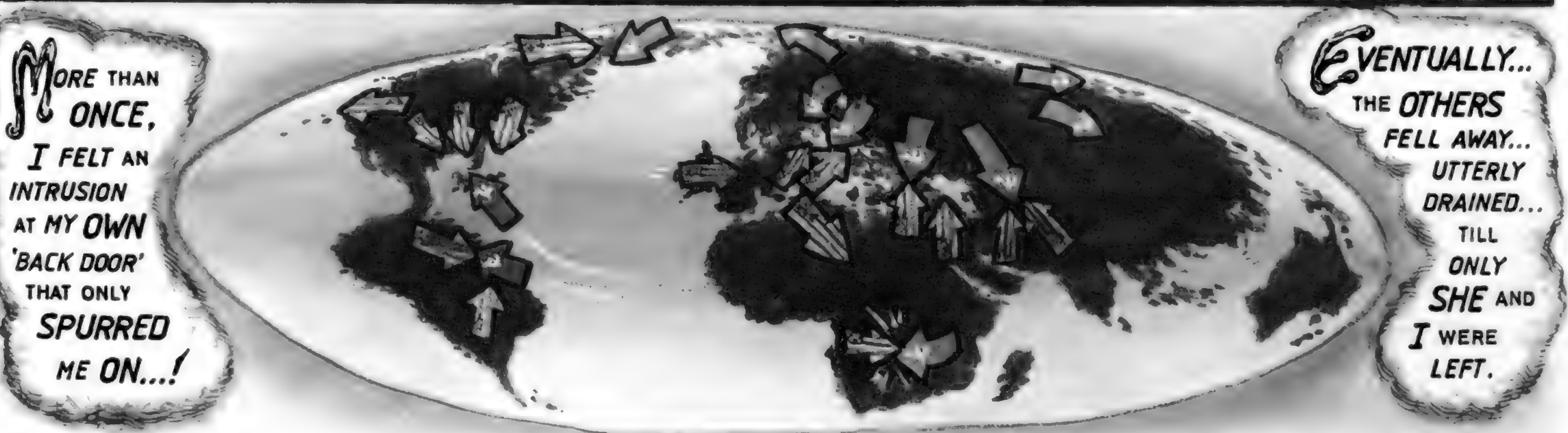
THE
IDEA
WAS
TEMPTING...
BUT I HAD
MORE LURID
PLANS...!



THE TIME THAT FOLLOWED WAS A BLUR OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY!
I PRESSED INTO 'SHE-WHO-OBSSESSED-ME' FROM THE FRONT
WHILE ANOTHER TRIED TO ENTER HER FROM THE REAR...



...BUT WAS SPENT
TOO QUICKLY.



MORE THAN
ONCE,
I FELT AN
INTRUSION
AT MY OWN
'BACK DOOR'
THAT ONLY
SPURRED
ME ON...!

EVENTUALLY...
THE OTHERS
FELL AWAY...
UTTERLY
DRAINED...
TILL
ONLY
SHE AND
I WERE
LEFT.

YOU LOSE! YOU LOSE! YOU LOSE! YOOO LOOOOZE!!

I PREPARED TO MAKE MY FINAL ASSAULT...

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, AT IT'S FOREMOST TIP, A LITTLE MOISTURE WAS PRODUCED...!

**URGED ON BY
THIS, MY
MOVEMENTS
CAME FASTER AND
MORE FURIOUSLY
AS I PLUNGED
INTO HER
INTERIOR...!**

WHILE SHE, RESPONDING, EXERTED HER MUSCLE TO PUT AS MUCH OF A SQUEEZE UPON ME AS POSSIBLE!

 OUR ACTIVITIES WERE **LUBRICATED** WITH THE SLICKNESS OF **BOTH** OUR JUICES NOW.

BUGLER! SOUND THE CHARGE!!
RIGHT BOYS! FULL GALLOP! GO GET SOME
I WANNA SEE TWENNY DEAD
SIOUX-VIETS TO EV'RY

7th SPECIAL FORCES ARMORED
AIR-MOBILE CAVALRY.... CHAAAAARGE!!!

NO, DAN!
YOU CAN'T
WALLOW "THE
BUTTON" WITH
YOUR DICK...!

THIS
IS THE
PRESIDENTIAL
FINGER
JOB...!

TWO PERT BUTTONS STOOD UP STIFF AND ERECT.
I KNEW THAT WERE THE MEREST FINGERTIP TO
BRUSH THEM, SHE WOULD BE DRIVEN TO A
CLIMAX THAT WOULD,
IN TURN, PRECIPITATE
MY OWN...!

IF YOU'VE
HAD TIME
TO COMPLY MY
TRACY LUDS
VIDEO
COLLECTION...!
SIGN...!

THE MOMENT NEARED...
MY PERTINENT EQUIPMENT
ROSE UP TO THE PROPER
ANGLE OF COMPLETE
ERECTION...

FINALLY
I COULD CONTAIN
MYSELF NO
LONGER...

I
SHOT MY
FULL LOAD
INTO HER:
JUST AS SHE BESTOWED
HER GENEROUS
BOUNTY UPON
ME!
I'S ALWAYS SO MUCH
BETTER IF YOU
MANAGE IT
TOGETHER...

WITH SHRIEKS AND
MOANS WE SPENT
OURSELVES...

AND
THE
EARTH
MOVED.



AFTERWARDS...

FOR A VERY
LONG
TIME...

WE JUST LAY THERE
SILENTLY...

SIDE BY SIDE...

...SMOKING.



AT LAST... FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE UNDERGROUND COMES THE ALL-STRIP COMIC YOU'VE ALL BEEN TRYING
TO OBTAIN. NABALM KISS #2 HITS THE NATION'S EYEBALLS IN AUGUST 78!
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+++ **MANCHESTER** +++

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(M = MART ONLY)

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NOVEMBER 18TH

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FILM-STILLS; POSTERS; BADGES; RARE AND
OBSCURE ITEMS etc...etc...

ALL THESE AND MORE !!! - - -

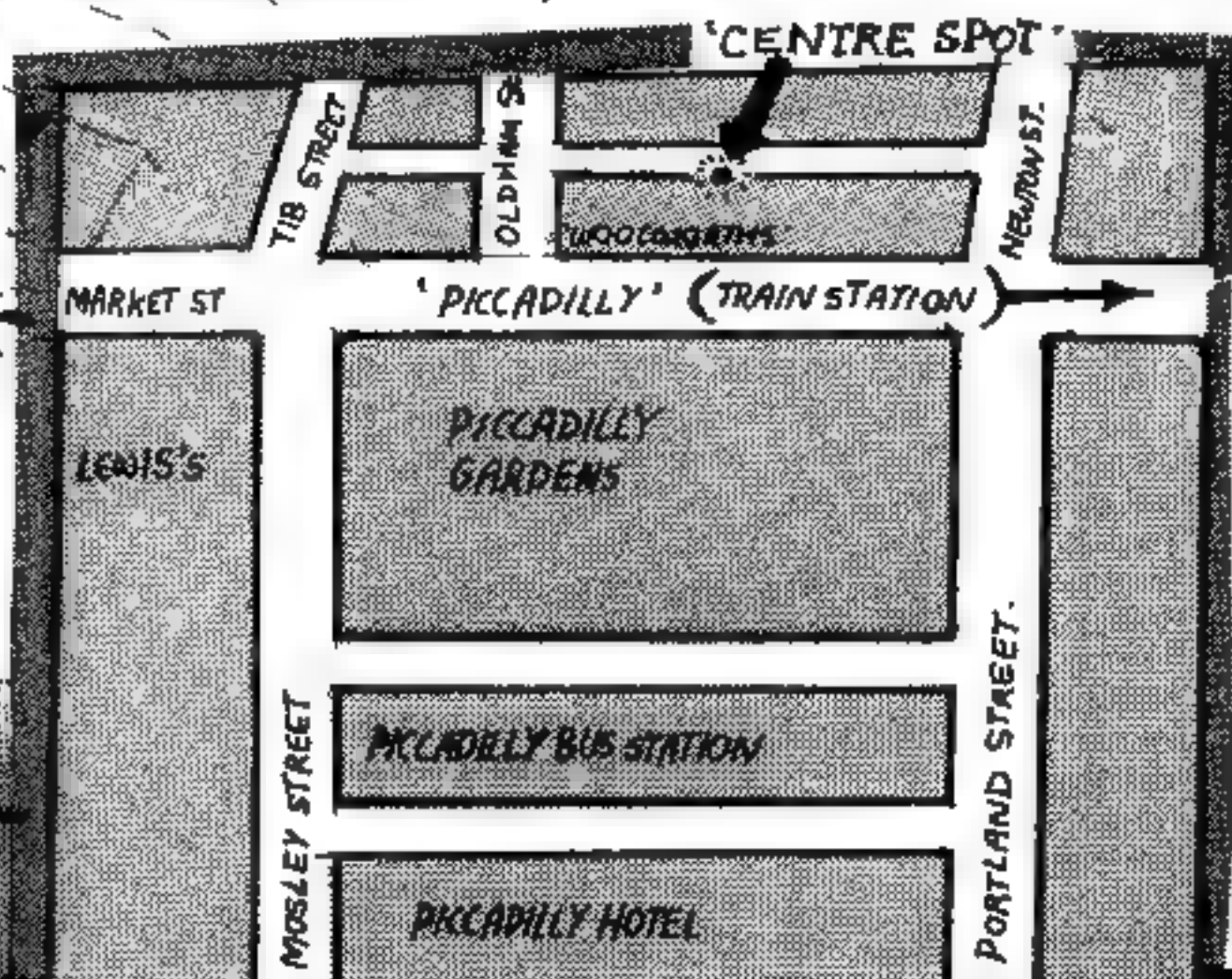
FILM SHOWS; (e.g. Episodes from 'THE AVENGERS',
'STAR-TREK' and films like 'DARK-STAR', 'BARBARELLA'
and others.) QUIZZES, and COMPETITIONS (with
prizes!) AUCTIONS; plus TALKS and DISCUSSIONS
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SELECTION OF GOODS FOR SALE BUT THE EMPHASIS
IS ON ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE COMIC, FILM AND
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SAINT DYMPHNA



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AND FEATURING



#9
ADULTS!
UCWA

DOKTOR

\$1.50

WIRTHAM'S

COMIX & STORIES '9+10

BEHOLD MY CREATION, IGOR AND NURSE NELLY! IT HAS THE
LOOK OF EINSTEIN, THE WIT OF OSCAR WILDE, THE DRAUGHTMANSHIP OF
MICHELANGELO, THE DRAMATIC INTENSITY OF SHAKESPEARE;
IT WILL CREATE COMIC STRIPS THAT WILL BECOME THE
CULTURAL BEDROCK OF OUR SOCIETY!
BEHOLD: ARTMONSTER!!

GODDAM!
I DON'T GET
IT!
WHAT IS
IT FOR?!

YEAH
YEAH...
BUT WHEN
WILL IT GO
MAD AND
START
KILLIN' PEOPLE?!

ZOMBY
DOKKY

MIKE MATTHEWS

THERE'S A FUNNY SPELL IN HERE

KNOCKABOUT



A NOTE FROM Mr. EDITOR : (AND ARTIST AND PUBLISHER)

WELL HERE IT IS AGAIN, HMMM? THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF 'SUZIE'S SAVAGE ROMANCE' WHICH APPEARED IN EXPANDED FORM IN 'KNOCKABOUT COMIX #4'.

IT WAS DRAWN IN 1980 AND WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO BE PUBLISHED AS IT IS NOW, BUT AT THE TIME I SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THE WONDERS OF DRAWING **BIG** SO THIS WAS PUT ASIDE ... UNTIL NOW!

[IF ANYONE'S INTERESTED; THE ORIGINAL ARTWORK TO THIS MEASURES 5½ x 7½ inches (or 18 x 13 cm) THE ORIGINAL ARTWORK TO THE KNOCKABOUT 'SUZIE'S SAVAGE ROMANCE' MEASURES 14½ x 19¾" AND THE FIRST PAGE WAS PARTIALLY COLOURED, WHICH IS WHY IT CAME OUT SUCH AN AWFUL BLOTCHY FUCKIN' MESS.

Okey Dokey? MIKE MATTHEWS.
MANCHESTER JAN. '84.

* KNOCKABOUT COMIX #4, in which 'SUZIE'S SAVAGE ROMANCE' appeared is available for £1.20 (this includes post & packing)

FROM: KNOCKABOUT COMIX,
249 KENSAL ROAD,
LONDON
W10 5DB.

★
MIKE
MATTHEWS
★
★
SWE
Presents: ★

VICIOUS CRIME Romance COMICS

10p
No 1



The first one! Mike Matthews!!!
SAT 21st Jan '84. 11/1





A DAN MANIAC

TELEPATHIC
TELEVISUAL
COMMUNICATION

HMM... A
ALLEGED
"LETTER"
=PAH!:=
W

NO
RADIATION
READING...!

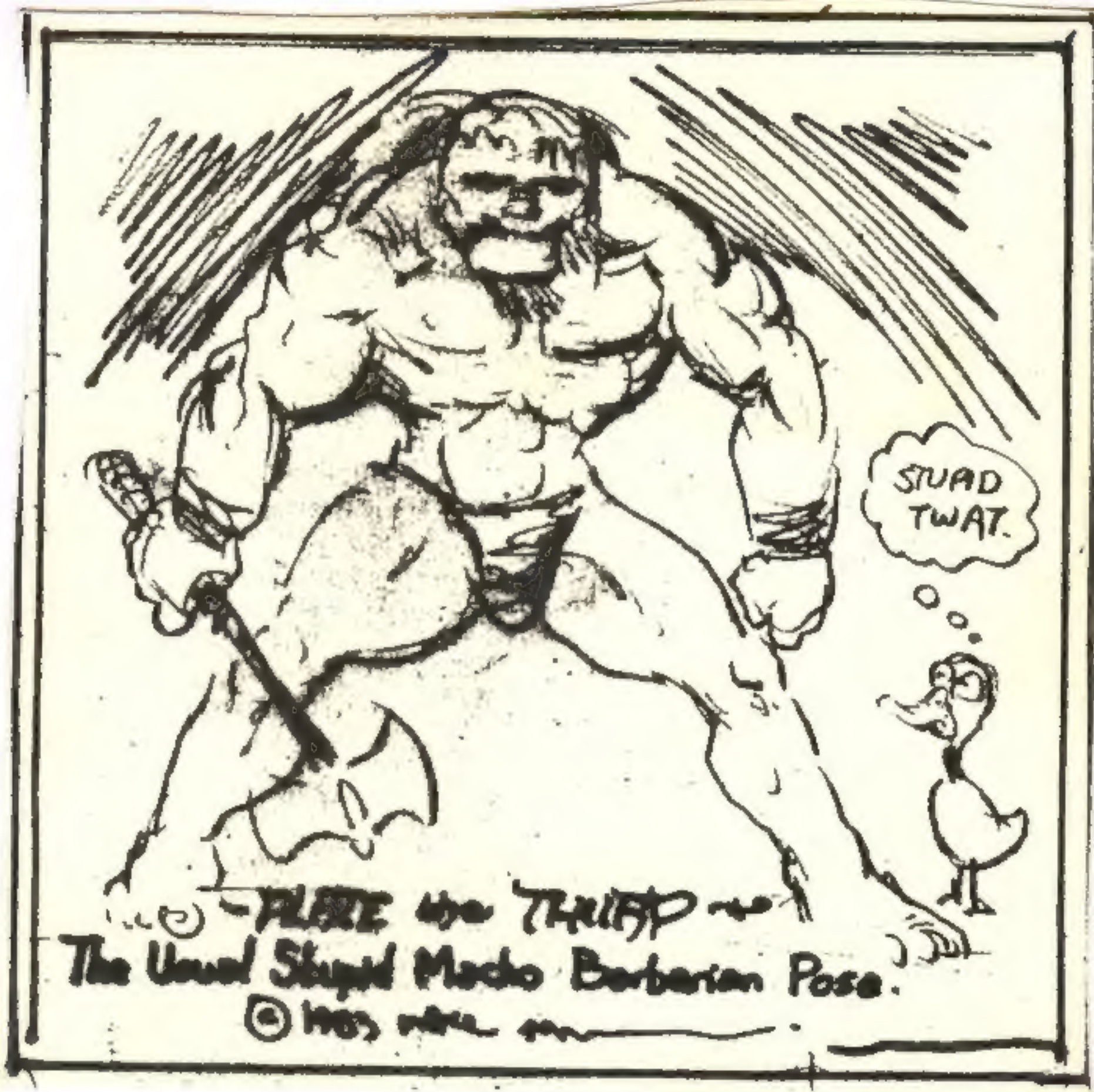
LOOK OUT FOR ...
MICRODOTS... SECRET CODED
MESSAGES... HIDDEN TRACTS OF
PHILOSOPHICAL PROPAGANDA...
SUBLIMINAL ORDERS... HYPNOTIC
HANDWRITING DESIGNED TO
FORCE THE READER TO COMMIT
APPALLING ATROCITIES
AGAINST HIS WILL ...

JUST LOOKS LIKE AN
ELECTRIC BILL TO ME ...!



© Jan. 1984 MIKE MATTHEWS.

Michael Matthews
Aarte Pndarte
 Portephaulieauh
 THIS IS NUMBER 3 of: 47
FIVE PLATES by:
 (SIGNATURE) *Michael Matthews*





SWAMP THING & ABBY

IN:

"IS THAT A
BRANCH DOWN
THERE OR ARE
YOU JUST PLEASED
TO SEE ME?"

OH, SWAMPY
HONEY! I NEVER,
LIKE, NOTICED
BEFORE... YOU'VE
GOT A **BEAUTY**
SPOT! WOW!

DOES SHE REALLY
LOVE ME OR IS SHE
JUST TRYING TO GET
INTO MY PLANTS?

NATURE
LOVER

FISON'S GROW-BAG

A READER'S TRUE HORRIFIC Romance



George was just a neighbourhood boy I'd known slightly for years. It didn't matter to me that people seemed to resent the fact that he was a cannibal. For me, a passion had blossomed...!



Somehow, I had to get to meet him! Oh, it's so difficult for girls! I planned for, oh, minutes! Then made my subtle move...



So, back we went! He didn't waste any time..!



He bound me to his bed and advanced on me with a butcher knife... it was so romantic...!



SUDDENLY DAN MANIAC BURST IN AND SPRAYED GEORGE'S AMOROUS INTENTIONS UP THE WALL...



Not long after that I met a super guy and joined his Nudist Motorcycle Club for their trip to Florida.

